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Contents

The Week 109

Editorials

MacDonald's First Year 111
Doles for the Rich 112
The League and the Opium Traffic 114

General Articles

Government by Technologists....Charles A. Beard 115
Dying for Dear Old Mazuma.....John R. Tunis 120
A Program for Progressive Schools.....
.....Francis Mitchell Froelicher 123
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 125
Aristophanes' Babyhood.....Stark Young 127

Correspondence 128

Reviews of Books

The Revolt Against Dualism.....Sidney Hook 129
The Tiger on a Pedestal of Books..Régis Michaud 130
The American Tragedy.....Granville Hicks 131
Africa.....Melvin P. Levy 132
The Disease of Old Age.....Maynard Shipley 132
Wall Street's Sweetheart....Geoffrey T. Hellman 133
Notes on Novels 134

The Week

FINAL comment on the report of the Simon Commission on India must await the publication of the complete document. But the news dispatches covering the substance of the first volume indicate that its effect is likely to be extremely unfortunate. Here is a nation which is seething with the demand for freedom. Its leaders anxiously await a clear statement of policy by the Government of the nation which at the moment is employing force to retain its rulership. And the recommendations are to come from a Commission consisting wholly of representatives of the ruling country—representatives, moreover, whose responsibility is emphasized by the fact that they comprise members not of one British party alone, but of all. Yet the first part of the report consists largely of a summary of difficulties assumed to lie in the path of Indian self-government—the complex populations, the religious antagonism, the caste system, the status of women, the independent states, the necessity for military defense. It passes judgment on Indian institutions, concluding that the Indian people themselves are responsible for most of the evils for which British rule is blamed. It states that "Indian political thought finds it tempting to foreshorten history, and is unwilling to wait for the final stage of a prolonged evolution." All this is an old story. If elaborated by impartial scientists, it might conceivably have some beneficial effect on the mind of India. But, as the pronouncement of an alien sovereignty to a people who demand the right to judge and rule themselves, it is likely to sound insufferably pretentious. Questions of sovereignty are sharp and exclusive; they must be solved by action, not by moralizing.

THE startling thing about what Mr. George W. Wickersham had to tell the National Conference of Social Work in Boston concerning prohibition was not what he said, but that the chairman of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement said it. While we have been attempting to promote abstinence from alcoholic beverages by relying on the power of government to compel, and by the imposition of increasingly heavy penalties, Great Britain has been encouraging temperance by regulation of the liquor traffic, by education in the evil effects of drunkenness, and by the substitution of more wholesome diversion. England's success in this endeavor, according to Mr. Wickersham, has been striking, and by inference one may assume that he believes our attempts at enforcement have failed. Just what is his conclusion from this contrast is left to the imagination. Does he favor the retention of the prohibition amendment, but the cessation of efforts to compel obedience to its intent and the substitution of an educational campaign in favor of obedience? Or does he favor the abandonment of the prohibitive policy together, and the substitution of a temperance one? It would be well, at any rate, if the Commission should forego any attempt to show how obedience to the prohibition laws may be enforced, and concern itself with the other great problems of the administration of justice which lie before it. For, as Professor Felix Frankfurter told the Conference, the inclusion of the prohibition question in the program of study has removed from the atmosphere surrounding the Commission "that isolated calm in which alone the patient work of scientific inquiry can flourish."

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IF WE were to pick out three measures under consideration by the present Congress as crucial tests of progressivism, we should select the Wagner bills to provide a program for dealing with unemployment, the modified Shipstead bill to regulate the use of the labor injunction, and the Norris bill to provide for public development and operation of Muscle Shoals. The Wagner bills have been passed by the Senate, but in spite of their widespread support and the terrible example of the unemployment crisis which has confronted us this year, the Republican machine which controls the House has not even brought them to a vote. The injunction bill, drafted with the aid of the most eminent legal experts by the progressive minority of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and supported not only by organized labor but by impartial and informed opinion, has been unfavorably reported to the Senate by the majority of the Committee. The Norris Muscle Shoals bill, passed by the Senate, was not submitted to the House by the Republican-controlled committee, which substituted a measure for private leasing, and obtained its passage by the House, thus producing a deadlock in conference. President Hoover has not lifted a finger in support of either the unemployment or the injunction bills, which on the record he would be supposed to favor. His prejudice against public operation of utilities was utilized to help kill the Norris bill for Muscle Shoals. He and his party must be held responsible for progressive failure in these test cases.

IT IS with peculiar appropriateness, at the time of the administration's failure in these three tests, that Dr. Henry Raymond Mussey, managing editor of The Nation, points out that we are not likely to obtain a comprehensive program for dealing with unemployment, including unemployment insurance, without a new alignment of political forces—without a really progressive party. Senator Wagner's bills might possibly be enacted by a combination of Democrats and Republican insurgents, but while they form a useful and necessary preliminary, they do not include unemployment insurance. "We know enough today," writes Dr. Mussey in his pamphlet for the League for Independent Political Action, "to prevent any suffering from unemployment, and nothing but the indifference or unwillingness of business and political leaders stands in the way of our preventing it." To say that we know enough to prevent any suffering may be an overstatement of the case, but at least it is true that we are far from applying all that we know. And it is certain that political inertia blocks advance in this direction, not because the reasons for progress are not good, but because there is not a sufficiently well organized political force to demand attention. The political leadership of the present Congress is apparently ready to do something for everybody except industrial labor, the majority of the farmers, who cannot be benefited by the tariff, and the consumers of the nation.

IT IS hard to find in the accession of Carol to the Rumanian throne anything which ought to please those concerned for the peace of Europe or the welfare of the Rumanian nation as a whole. Carol is a person with few if any qualifications for public life; he showed his characteristic temper during his first day in power by instituting proceedings against several persons who dared to speak publicly of his return with less than enthusiasm. He is reported to be an admirer of Mussolini and may upset the entire international alignment of eastern Europe, thus increasing the danger of war. He was brought back partly by the army, which is of course ultra-chauvinistic and reactionary, and partly by the wealthier peasants, whose party at present dominates Rumanian politics and evidently thought that Carol would be more manageable than either his brother Nicolas or Dowager Queen Marie. The whole affair is a piece of comic opera which sounds as though it ought to be set to music by Friml or Victor Herbert; but there is a sinister and depressing aspect to it which makes unlikely the happy ending with which every comic opera's final curtain should come down.

SENATOR SIMMONS of North Carolina has been defeated in the Democratic primary in that state for the nomination to succeed himself. Senator Simmons has dictated to the North Carolina Democrats for thirty years and always heretofore his word has been law. In 1928 he refused to support Governor Smith's candidacy, and some political observers explain that the voters of his party are now rebuking him for his lack of regularity. While this may be true, we do not see how anyone can pretend to definite knowledge about it. Senator Simmons is seventy-six, he has served in the Senate since 1901, his health is bad. It may be that all things considered, the North Carolina Democrats simply preferred his rival. In 1928 too many people assumed that the Solid South was broken forever; it is now clear that the Southern Democrats in that year did not vote in favor of the Republican Hoover, but against the wet, Roman Catholic, big-city representative of the newer strain in American life, who happened to be the nominee of their party. In 1932 there is every reason to believe that their allegiance will be about what it was in 1924, and that, other things being equal—always an important if—the result will be the same.

CONGRESS is still dallying with the Shipstead-Nolan Bill, designed to protect the lake and forest country of northern Minnesota, in the area of the Superior National Forest. On its merits, if we may judge by nothing else than the attitude of numerous bodies which have investigated the proposal, the bill should have become law long ago. The Minnesota Legislature is on record in its favor by an overwhelming vote of fifty-nine to six in the Senate and one hundred and nineteen to five in the House. The Senate of the United States passed the bill by

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unanimous consent more than a month ago. In the House, however—though the bill was approved by the Committee on Public Lands nearly three months ago—it has waited in vain for the Rules Committee to permit it to come to a vote. In the heat and hurry of the last days of Congress, its fate is again in jeopardy.

THE bill seeks to do only two simple things. It guards from logging operations a strip of timber along the shores of lakes where the federal government holds land, thus preserving their beauty; and it prevents alteration of water levels—except by consent of Congress—on such lakes, thus preventing inundation of forests and total destruction of landscapes. It is the first step in a far-reaching conservation program, by which it is proposed that the United States and Canada shall join in setting aside by treaty some of their most beautiful wilderness. The bill applies only to government land and carries no appropriation. It does, however, run counter to the ambitions of a Minneapolis pulp and paper baron, who in 1925 modestly proposed to raise the water level in lakes on the international boundary from five to seventy-two feet for his own private benefit. If the obstructionist methods now being used to defeat the Shipstead-Nolan Bill are to be foiled, it is time for conservationists everywhere to speak out promptly and loudly.

THE Industrial Board of Birmingham, Alabama, now attains the distinction of the most cynical indifference to good employment standards that we have seen on the part of employing interests anywhere. In a circular addressed to manufacturers, and entitled "A New Reservoir of Woman Labor," it points out that employers may tap the labor of "73,124 white females in the district, ten years of age and over." That the Board believes the age of ten a suitable one at which to begin the industrial employment both of "males" and of "females" is shown by the fact that in all its statistical estimates of the local working population it uses this age as the lower limit. Prospective industrial settlers should be warned that the state law prohibits the employment of children under fourteen in manufacturing and in mercantile establishments except during vacations. Perhaps, however, the Birmingham Industrial Board rightly regards the law as a dead letter. At any rate, there are no limitations of any sort on the hours of women employees, of whom 60 percent worked, in 1922, fifty-five hours or more a week, according to a survey by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. And as to pay, the circular states that "$10.00 to $15.00 per week would prove attractive to nearly all of them. Some could be employed at even lower rates." To all this we can only add that, according to official doctrine, the employers of America have adopted the principle that high wages are necessary for good business, that a poorly paid and overworked population is inefficient in production and provides a bad market for goods. Advertisers in Birmingham please take notice.

The New Republic will publish, in the near future, an issue containing a special supplement devoted to the life and work of Herbert Croly, its founder and Editor, who died in Santa Barbara, California, on May 17. The supplement will contain a group of articles by men and women who, through long association with him, are qualified to write about various aspects of his career.

Since Mr. Croly's death, questions have come to us concerning the future organization and direction of the paper. In answer it can be said that the journal will continue to be conducted as it has been since Mr. Croly's illness forced his abstention from activity in the fall of 1928.

The corporation which publishes The New Republic is governed by its directors, who are: Mrs. Herbert Croly, Bruce Bliven, Felix Frankfurter and Daniel Mebane. Responsibility for the policy and management of the journal itself rests upon the Editors as a group.

MacDonald's First Year

AT THE end of its first full year in office, the MacDonald Government finds itself in a stronger position in the House of Commons than seemed likely a few months ago. The debate on India on May 26 was ended without a formal vote, but with every indication that both Liberals and Conservatives were ready to support the Labor Government's policy in overwhelming numbers. Only two days later, the division on unemployment produced a majority of twenty-nine. On June 2, the debate over Mr. Baldwin's motion for a special committee to consider the terms of the London naval treaty resulted in another victory for the MacDonald Government by 282 to 201. These are the three chief questions by which the Labor Cabinet is confronted, and there have been predictions that any of the three might be the cause of its being turned out of office. Its victory is therefore a substantial one.

Yet it is a victory of which Mr. MacDonald cannot be very proud. As to India, he has been supported by the Conservatives because on the whole he has done what they would have asked him to do. On unemployment it is not because of bold strokes he has taken, but because he has done so little, that he has obtained the favor of his nominal enemies. Among those who criticize his policy is an important group within the ranks of Labor, headed by Sir Oswald Mosley, who has resigned from the Cabinet in impatience at the lack of an aggressive attack on this problem. As for the naval conference, there is no very warm enthusiasm anywhere in Great Britain over the treaty. The support of the MacDonald Government against the Baldwin

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motion was due chiefly, it is clear, to a dread lest London should witness a repetition of what Washington saw: a series of bloodthirsty old admirals mounting the witness stand one by one to swear their opposition to any agreement for limitation, their insistence on indefinite expansion for their own fleet and the devil take the others. The British of all parties prudently realized that a little more of this sort of talk on either side of the Atlantic (to say nothing of Japan) and there would be no hope of ratification, and so they voted Mr. Baldwin down.

To be sure, there are some other achievements of the MacDonald Government. The first of these, the Premier's visit to President Hoover, looked bigger at the time than it does now, when the naval conference has dashed some of the high hopes which were held when these two men met on the shore of the Rapidan. It can still be remembered with gratitude, however, as a demonstration of sheer friendship and good will in a world which has all too much need of them. There is also the important new measure postponing the school-leaving age by a year, a courageous step in view of the heavy financial burden it will lay upon the Government. It can fairly be said that the MacDonald Cabinet is struggling hard against Britain's share of the worldwide economic depression, for which it is not responsible, but for which it will inevitably get a large measure of blame from the unthinking populace. It is seeking to rationalize coal, steel and textiles—and every American knows how difficult are the problems presented by at least the first and last of these. Yet the achievements to its credit, and the votes of confidence in the House, do not conceal the fact that there is a growing coldness toward the Labor Government on the part of many persons who hailed its advent with the greatest enthusiasm. It is felt, to put the matter candidly, that the MacDonald Government is in danger of staying in office at the expense of sacrificing too great a share of its principles.

It is not unfair to consider India as a test. For seven months after coming into power, the Labor Government let matters drift. They knew from the beginning that a crisis was imminent; and during the latter months of that period they even knew the date at which civil disobedience would begin. Yet they did nothing. Since the beginning of Mr. Gandhi's campaign they have been equally dilatory, disregarding the excellent advice on this subject which they might have found in Mr. MacDonald's own books on India, and in the speeches of many Labor members of Parliament uttered in past times from the Opposition benches. Their efforts to solve the Indian question by constructive measures have been too insignificant to be visible to the naked eye. Instead, they waited as long as possible and then resorted to cruelly repressive tactics. Just what has been done it is impossible to say; an effective censorship has been laid upon the native press and most of the European correspondents are either unable to get the news or their reports give evidence of being colored by their sympathies with the British rulers of the country. We know, however, that the native leaders are being thrown into prison; that many lives have been lost and that nearly all of these are the lives of Indians; that the flames of revolt are being fanned by a ruthless policy of suppression which is indistinguishable from that of the blackest Tory government of modern times.

We have already suggested the defense which Mr. MacDonald and his friends make. They admit that the policy is bad from the point of view they themselves maintained before taking office. But they argue that any attempt to behave decently toward India now would result in the instant overthrow of the Government. They think it is better to stay in power and do what they can under the restrictions of a minority government, than to go out on this issue and see the matter put into the hands of the Conservatives.

It is a problem of the greatest importance, and one by which every idealist coming into office is confronted. Naturally, the man with responsible power must proceed with a certain caution which is not necessary for the independent critic. The question is, how far should this caution go? In the case of the MacDonald Government and India, we submit, it has gone too far. The Labor Government was elected by the working men and women of England. It was elected because it stood for certain ideas, certain principles, of which those men and women approve. If in office it refuses to live up to them, the members of the Government as individuals lose all claim upon the suffrage of their constituents. It would be better to be forced out of office by the Conservatives because of going too far, than to stay in office and fritter away their prestige with the rank and file of Labor by doing the Imperialists' dirty work for them. The publication of the Simon report gives Mr. MacDonald an opportunity to put the whole treatment of the Indian question on a new plane. History will judge him by the choice he is about to make.

Doles for the Rich

MR. WILLIAM M. LEISERSON, writing for the National Women's Trade Union League organ, Life and Labor Bulletin, protests against the criticism of foreign unemployment insurance which is implied in the popular name given it—the "dole." "As a matter of fact," he says, "most European countries have less of a dole system than we have. . . . In many [American] cities more money was handed out to unemployed families during the months of January and February than those cities ordinarily spend for family relief in a whole year. In city after city the family-relief funds have been exhausted and the community funds have had to engage in special campaigns to

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raise additional money for the relief of the unemployed. These payments by charity organizations and the soup kitchens, breadlines and free lodging houses which were everywhere in evidence during the winter are nothing but doles to the unemployed, and they represent a dole system far worse than anything they have in Europe. For in most European countries, much of the money that is handed out to the unemployed consists of contributions by the workers themselves; in other words, they are payments on unemployment insurance and not outright doles and charity."

Do the self-righteous defenders of what is euphemistically called the American "system" of dealing with unemployment want to stop our doles? Do they really want to let all the unemployed starve and freeze? Or, since this program would be impossible in a country which, in spite of its inefficiency in social organization, still harbors kindness of heart, do they think it good policy to let some of the unemployed starve and freeze? If not, then the unemployed must be "sustained in idleness" by someone, and the burden of doing so is actually borne by the economic structure, as it is in Europe. The real question is whether it might not be borne in a more foresighted, systematic and fair manner than it is, if we should substitute the modern conception of insurance for the medieval one of charity.

Still more telling, however, is Mr. Leiserson's point that if payment to labor, idle because temporarily there is no demand for it, is a dole, payment to idle capital is a dole also. And economic studies unite in demonstrating that interest and dividends do not decrease during depression. Indeed, according to figures regularly compiled by The New York Journal of Commerce, the total of recorded dividend and interest payments in May, 1930, was substantially larger than in May, 1929—about $570,300,000 against $490,400,000. It is true that corporations have, under our economic and legal structure, no choice but to pay bond interest regularly if they are to avoid bankruptcy, because people lend money on bonds only with the understanding that a fixed return will be rendered. But dividends also, which have no such legal protection, remain up during depression. Industrial dividends for the five months January to May, 1930, totaled $1,356,000,000 against $1,055,700,000 for the same period of super-prosperous 1929, and are *almost twice as much* as the $697,100,000 paid in the like months of prosperous 1928. The increase is not a consequence of the large January distribution based on the operations of the previous year, but has occurred in each month to date. Public-utility, railroad and traction dividends tell the same story.

Corporations reduce their output; they let plants and machinery stand by; they lay off workers or reduce their time and even, in many cases, cut wages, but they continue to pay larger and larger "earnings" to capital, much of which for the time being they do not need. The number of persons employed remains at least 10 percent below last year's level; even the employed workers in manufacturing earn at least 5 percent less than a year ago; industry, already overequipped in most cases, is producing 13 percent less than in 1929; railroads are carrying 9 percent less. Yet the payment to the owners of our capital is, so far this year, more than 28 percent greater than last. If this is not a dole, what is it? If it is immoral, or distasteful, or injurious to pay anything to unemployed workers, why is it not doubly immoral, distasteful or injurious to pay largely increased amounts to unemployed capital?

These dividends are not entirely made possible by the current industrial profits accruing during the months of depression. They arise partly out of surplus accumulations laid aside during prosperity. It is now regarded as good corporation practice to build up great liquid funds, when business is good, to be applied to maintaining established dividend rates when business is bad. The same practice kept up the return on stocks in 1927 and 1924, and prevented it from falling appreciably even in 1921. In essence, then, the process is one of insurance. Well managed industry insures the regular payment of dividends by taking thought for the morrow, and holding back funds for the purpose when this can be done. The insurance of dividends is as truly a "burden on the community" as would be the insurance of wages. And some of the same arguments are being advanced in its behalf as are advanced in behalf of unemployment insurance: it tends to stabilize income and purchasing power; it enhances the security of part of the community. It helps to smooth out the evil effects of the business cycle. Though we see no good reason for the actual enlargement of dividends during a depression, we have no special objection to their stabilization. What we do object to is the state of mind which, while it takes this policy as a desirable matter of course, is horrified by the equally good policy of laying aside, out of the proceeds of industry, surplus funds to sustain the worker when he is forced out of his job. This state of mind indicates with cruel clarity the purpose which the controllers of industry really think important. They talk a lot about what capitalism is doing for those who work under it, but when the test comes, they protect only the owners. The prices of securities on the Stock Exchange are more important to them than all the breadlines in the world.

We do not, of course, assume that the provision of unemployment insurance would be as simple a matter as the protection of dividends against depression. Much larger funds would be required, and their distribution would be much more complex. It is not something that can be left to the action of individual boards of directors. It must be built up coöperatively by unions and management in single industries, as in the manufacture of men's clothing, or by governments, if we are to have insurance covering all the workers. It must be preceded by well operated employment exchanges, so that there

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may be a good registry basis for the administration of relief. But industry cannot escape the responsibility for the incriminating contrast drawn above unless it is willing to help lay the basis for protecting the workers in depression. Will it cease its opposition to the organization of unions with which it can coöperate to establish unemployment insurance by industries? Or will it allow the passage of Senator Wagner's bill for a national system of employment exchanges, instead of broadcasting objections through its reactionary associations and its Senator Binghams? Unless it does something of this kind, the capitalists of modern America are self-indicted of as callous an injustice as can be charged against the rulers of any historic civilization.

The League and the Opium Traffic

THE WORLD-WIDE fight against the traffic in habit-forming drugs is at present in the hands of the League of Nations, which operates through an Opium Advisory Committee whose members are chosen on a national basis. Twelve countries were formerly included, but word has just been received from Geneva that the League has increased the number to nineteen. There are also three members of the Committee who sit as experts, as well as the unofficial representative of the United States, making a group of twenty-three in all. Anyone who has ever worked on a committee knows that this is an impossibly large number; and in this instance, there is a particular reason why it is undesirable.

The membership of the Committee has been enlarged several times in an endeavor to meet the objection that it was overweighted with representatives of the countries which produce or manufacture drugs, or both. It can now truthfully be said that the countries which only consume drugs are in the majority, and this may result in a false feeling of security on the part of the public. In fact, this apparent safety may become the cloak for grave danger; plausible but impractical proposals may be adopted by the votes of countries whose spokesmen are ignorant of the administrative difficulty or economic impossibility of the projects they are asked to endorse. The appearance of progress may be simulated in such proposals, when actually there is retrogression. The only advantage to be set over against these difficulties is the slender hope that some of the countries which have been added to the Committee may now begin to take their responsibilities a little more seriously

It is all too apparent that the Advisory Committee needs to revise its procedure in the interest of efficiency. It should be broken up into subcommittees, these committees should study documents during the intervals between the meetings of the larger Committee, and they should submit careful, scientific and authoritative reports on detailed phases of the problem. These reports should reach all the members well in advance of the meetings of the whole group, so that action can be taken on a basis of them. With regard to the smuggling of drugs, even more drastic reorganization of the machinery is necessary. What is required is a tribunal of some sort, whose members would have the functions partly of a judge and partly of a public prosecutor. They should examine into charges that certain governments are guilty of conniving at smuggling; the governments accused should send representatives to appear on their behalf before this tribunal and, after such hearings, a recommendation could be made to the whole Advisory Committee for action.

To some of our readers it may seem that all this is an unimportant matter of administrative detail, of no interest to the public; but this is not the case. The progress which has been made in recent years toward remedying the grave evils connected with the illicit use of habit-forming drugs has not been rapid, and this has not been primarily the fault of the League of Nations but of the individual governments. Every effort to reduce the world production to scientific and medical needs, to apportion this quota among the producing countries and to ration the consumers on a basis of their real requirements has been fought, sometimes openly but as a rule surreptitiously by the influence of the illicit traffic upon government departments. The stock observation to make about the control of opium and other habit-forming drugs is that public opinion will force the producing and manufacturing countries to behave themselves. Unfortunately, the League's Advisory Committee is in danger of having just the opposite effect. The public may feel reassured that all is going well, while the countries which are behaving badly continue to do so, retreating behind red tape to explain their failure to reform. The Advisory Committee must be reorganized in the direction of genuine responsibility, and of bringing pressure to bear when it is necessary, and not, as is the case with its recent increase in membership, in the direction of still greater unwieldiness and opportunity for evasion.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Government by Technologists

IN THE industrial era of Herbert Hoover, engineer and economist, the government of the United States, unchanged in general form, presents aspects radically different from those prevailing in the agricultural era of Andrew Jackson, warrior and planter. Why? The answer is implicit in the statement of fact itself: the social environment of that government has been revolutionized by steam, electricity, machinery and science. New economic facts produce new political facts, evolve novel concepts or variant applications of old ideas.

Great statesmen of all times have recognized the intimate connection between economics and government, between industry and property on the one hand and the structure, activities and procedures of government on the other. From first to last the framers of the federal Constitution took into account the geared association of economics and politics. A distinguished heir to their traditions, Daniel Webster, once went so far as to say that the form of government in America was determined by the abundance of land, its cheapness and the wide distribution of ownership. Those who do not accept Webster's extreme views will doubtless concede that there is a close reciprocal relation between government and its cultural environment, which must be examined in any serious consideration of the subject.

Hence, it follows that a study of American government must reckon with the technological revolution wrought by science and machinery since the federal Constitution was drawn up more than a century ago. For the old congeries of provincial societies, founded principally on agriculture and local commerce, which constituted the United States in 1787, machine industry and the various means of rapid communication have substituted a Great Society based on national and international markets. Railways, telegraph lines, airplanes and the radio override historic political boundaries, weld this country into a single economic organism and steadily weave it into the web of world civilization. To speak of government merely in the political language of the eighteenth century is like talking of travel in terms of gigs and schooners.

This technological revolution has subjected to heavy impacts all the institutions and practices of government. It has emphasized as never before the role of government as a stabilizer of civilization. In an agricultural epoch anarchy could rage without disrupting far-spread networks of industry, commerce and intercourse. For a thousand years feudal Europe managed to survive though divided into hundreds of kingdoms and principalities, but our modern technological society simply cannot operate unless governments are able to maintain order over wide areas of the earth's surface. The cutting of a single railway line by bandits or revolutionists may bring starvation to people hundreds of miles away. When government collapsed in China in 1912, even though the economy of that country was still decidedly primitive, social disaster befell whole provinces. Only a hunter in the wilds can wring a living from nature if the rest of the world is in turmoil; people dependent on technical processes for their subsistence perish when the bonds of production and exchange are broken by anarchy.

While reëmphasizing the importance of government in human affairs, technology makes highly complex the environment in which it functions. For a simple order of farmers and merchants it substitutes a highly specialized society composed of engineers, machinists, bacteriologists, electricians and the masters of a thousand or more professions, crafts and arts. Though all are theoretically equal and alike in the eyes of the state, the members of each group possess capacities, habits and sentiments peculiar to their occupation. In bringing about this amazing differentiation among citizens, the technical revolution has at the same time created new and bewildering forms of property, which find sharp repercussions in the governing process. James Madison, the father of the Constitution, spoke of a landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a commercial interest and the few minor interests which operated in politics in his era; to them have since been added railway, oil, public-utility, sugar, rubber and a hundred other powerful interests represented by ingenious and highly paid agents in Washington. This is not all. Technology devises more efficient instruments for the distribution of their "information" and propaganda—the telegraph, rapid printing presses, the radio, television and the talking picture—instruments which facilitate the molding of public opinion: in other words, the intellectual climate in which governments make and execute policies.

Besides reaffirming the significance of government and creating a complicated environment for it, technology multiplies the burdens of government. Inventions are continually introducing unexpected conflicts and confusions into society. To cite an illustration, the waves of the radio spread in all directions without regard to political subdivisions and its use is limited by its nature; quarrels arise among broadcasters, therefore, and the federal government must intervene to regulate its operation. Technology brings new perils in its train: falling aircraft, the pollution of streams and dangerous ex-

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plosives. It makes possible new forms of law violation: safe blowing, machine-gun banditry, wire tapping and submarine smuggling. It offers to government striking opportunities to serve the common good: bacteriology reveals to it responsibilities in public health never dreamed of in the days of Franklin and Washington when yellow fever was fought by smudge fires. It is accompanied by hazardous industries which increase the number of injured and defective for whom provision must be made. It penalizes old age by demanding energetic youth for its machines, raising the grave problem of technological unemployment and old-age dependency. If governments tried to cling to the functions assigned to them in the eighteenth century, modern societies could scarcely escape disaster.

Under the pressure of new forces, government itself has become an economic and technical business on a large scale. It comes into daily contact with all industries, sciences and arts. As a purchaser of goods in bewildering variety for its normal needs, government must deal with such involved matters as chemical composition, physical properties and durability. An operator of battleships, arsenals, canals and wireless stations, it faces technical questions of the highest complication. A regulator of railways, telegraph lines and other means of transportation and communication, it must command, for effective work, competence equal to that of corporation managers, certainly greater than that of stockholding owners. A promoter of shipping, industry and aviation, through direct or indirect subventions, it inevitably deals with the mechanics of these enterprises, unless forsooth it is to subsidize obsolescence and inefficiency at public expense. Even in taxing—that ancient function—it must classify, analyze and evaluate thousands of products flowing from machines, upon which it imposes duties and excises. As an employer of agents to carry on these intricate activities, government draws into its service representatives of all the professions, sciences and arts known to technology.

Few indeed are the duties of government in this age which can be discharged with a mere equipment of historic morals and common sense. Wherever, with respect to any significant matter, Congress legislates, the courts interpret, and the President executes, they must have something more than mere good intentions; they must command technical competence. The situation is not changed in the case of so-called moral issues. Ethical aspirations in government—the enforcement of prohibition, for example—constantly run into technical questions; one of the chief difficulties in the way of suppressing intoxicating liquors springs from the use of alcohol in various industries and from the necessity of denaturing and controlling that product. The airplane and radio also enter the prohibition process, for both instrumentalities are used in smuggling. Twist and turn as they will, politicians cannot escape the necessity of reckoning with technology.

Fortunately, in introducing these bewildering complexities into government, technology has brought with it a procedure helpful in solving the problems it has created: namely, the scientific method. In principle this method is likewise opposed to the instinctive, emotional, rule-of-thumb operations of historic politics. It is essentially analytical and rational. It calls for the assembly of pertinent facts, the formulation of conclusions on the basis of facts, and the execution of policies in accordance with the requirements of the fact situation. Though undoubtedly limited in its application, the scientific method promises to work a revolution in politics no less significant than that wrought in society at large by mechanics. It punctures classical oratory—conservative as well as radical—and offers to explore worlds unknown to politicians of the historic school. A United States Senator, Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, has proposed an official reëxamination of our whole traditional system of government in the light of the changed situation. It is not too much to say that science and machinery have set a complicated stage for the operations of government today.

Inevitably these new conditions have drawn into question the very basis of modern government—democracy with its insistence on the doctrine of equality and the popular election of all high public authorities. Yet nearly everything that has been said recently in criticism and defense of democracy is old in substance and obsolete in application. Like democracy and its forms of government, the arguments on both sides antedate in spirit and origin the era of science and machinery. Technology itself has not made a single important contribution to the philosophy of government. That philosophy is still heavy with age, as it already was when James Watt split the world open with his steam engine.

Disputes about democracy, therefore, creak with rust. In the eighteenth century, as at the present moment, they turned on intelligence, not competence—on some mysterious mental quality of the masses. In championing democracy, Thomas Jefferson contended that the common people had as much capacity as so-called superior persons, if not more. "We believed," he said in speaking of his party, "that man was a rational animal, endowed by nature with rights, and with an innate sense of justice; and that he could be restrained from wrong and protected in right by moderate powers, confided to persons of his own choice." With reference to ethical questions, Jefferson once exclaimed, "State a moral case to a plowman and a professor. The former will decide it as well, and often better than the latter, because he has not been led astray by artificial rules."

Opposition to democratic government has likewise been based on certain ancient considerations respecting the mental nature and training of the masses. In every nation, said John Adams, a large proportion of the people "take no rational and prudent precautions to preserve what they have, much

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less to acquire more." They are indolent and without capacity for grand political enterprise. These are the common people—laborers, mechanics and merchants—"without any knowledge in liberal arts or sciences." Opposed to this vast majority is a minority of "gentlemen." The latter are "more intelligent and skillful," and usually have received "a liberal education, an ordinary degree of erudition in liberal arts and sciences." As a rule intelligence and capacity to govern go with wealth. "Generally," Adams continued, "those who are rich and descended from families in public life will have the best education in arts and sciences." Politics he regarded as a contest between knowledge and ignorance; both classes, gentlemen and commoners, were predatory, he thought, and ready to rob each other. Hence, though the former had intelligence, a check on both was necessary, in the shape of an independent executive and judiciary. Otherwise greed would rule.

Adams' great contemporary, Alexander Hamilton, on the other hand, put a generous trust in the intelligence of "the rich and well born." According to his creed, "the people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right." Although Hamilton did not in this connection flatly say that intelligence was monopolized by the rich and ignorance by the poor, the conclusion was implicit in his verdict. With many of his Federalist colleagues, he doubtless thought that the well born few were rich because they were wise, while the poverty of the masses was due to their inherent incapacity.

Along with the low intelligence of the masses, imagined the conservative fathers, went a propensity of the commoners to despoil the rich by attacks on property through legislation if not by violence. A few eighteenth-century philosophers, John Adams and Gouverneur Morris, for example, thought that the rich showed an equal tendency to fleece the poor, but most of them were particularly alarmed about democratic dangers to accumulated wealth. All through their writings ran a note of distrust: unless the masses are checked by strong government they will attack the vested interests of the minority. And this division into masses and classes they usually ascribed to innate differences in mentality: the intelligent and virtuous collect property; the ignorant and improvident remain poor. Madison believed that men had "different and unequal faculties of acquiring property," that the rights of property sprang from "diversity in the faculties of men," that the majority would usually be poor, that government was primarily concerned with regulating various and interfering economic interests, and hence, that rule by the majority, unless countered by other forces, would end in ruin to the public good and private rights.

Modern critics of democracy take a similar tack with different ends in view. The Bolsheviki insist in effect that the masses are not intelligent; owing to their ignorance they are deluded by the religious and political teachings of the dominant classes and cannot attain power through the machinery of popular government. They can rule, if at all, only through a proletarian dictatorship operating in their name. Italian Fascists, for their part, while holding kindred theories with respect to popular intelligence, substitute a "dictatorship of capacities," that is, of politicians, journalists and the middle classes. Fascism, explains a distinguished advocate, Signor Rocco, with the express sanction of Mussolini, "proclaims that the great mass of citizens is not a suitable advocate of social interests for the reason that the capacity to ignore individual private interests in favor of the higher demands of society and of history is a rare gift and the privilege of the chosen few." It may be difficult to determine who are "the chosen few," but, beyond question, the fundamental Fascist criticism of democracy rests on a conviction that the ruling minority is "wise" and the multitude is "ignorant."

This concept of democracy has been given a certain vogue in the United States, consciously or incidentally, by the "intelligence testers." Although there is diversity of opinion among them as to the meaning of the term "intelligence" and as to the wider significance of their inquiries, a general thread of argument is discernible in their writings: intelligence can be tested by their devices; the sheep may be separated from the goats; and the number of intelligent persons is relatively small. One calculator of this persuasion estimates that the entire population of the United States embraces only about 200,000 people entitled to membership in the select upper circle. This is discouraging enough, no doubt; but as if to darken the outlook, some of the testers contend that intelligence is, in the main at least, the product of heredity, not of education; it is a quality of mind, not a competence composed of acquired knowledge. Presumably if we had an intelligent electorate, democracy might work, but since intelligence is confined to a few and is hereditary—not subject to increase by education—the case of popular government must seem hopeless to such sponsors of mentality measurements.

There is one significant aspect of the subject, however, to which neither writers on government nor psychologists have given sufficient attention. In dealing with politics, both have adhered on the whole to the ideas of the agricultural age preceding the era of machine industry and applied science. It is true that Robert Michels, in his work on political parties, shows how the complexities of modern society make exceedingly tenuous, if not impossible, popular control over government, especially by the rank and file without technical knowledge. Other critics have made similar observations—usually with the conclusion that perhaps the problems of modern government could be solved if the participation of the people were limited to the choice of representatives to do their thinking for them, or if

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the whole business were handed over to aristocracies, dictators or monarchs possessing, presumptively, superior intelligence.

In reality such thinking does not go to the heart of the matter at all, for the simple reason that an ever larger area of government, as well as industry, is occupied by machinery and science—the operations of public administration have become increasingly technical in character, involving a knowledge of chemistry, physics and higher mathematics in their several branches. The problems they present cannot be solved by intelligence, no matter how superior, unless it is factually informed. Power to deal with such realistic issues is proportioned to technical competence, not merely to degrees of intelligence. In the presence of an intricate question respecting the hydraulics of river improvement, the physics of hull design and water resistance or the strength of materials, the most intelligent and highly educated lawyer or editor in America is about as helpless as the most ignorant laborer. Jefferson's plowman and professor stand on the same footing. Hamilton's rich and well born and his despised mass of the people are in the same boat. It is true that the person with "natural" intelligence can more readily master the details of some particular field, but his life is too short to span the whole range and in the best of circumstances his technical competence is accordingly limited to a small segment of engineering. And even technology is far from infallible within its proper domain.

A concrete example—one of the simplest in a vast array—will illustrate the problem. The Jones Merchant Marine Act of 1928 is designed to give a financial support to shipping companies which will enable them to operate "modern, economical and efficient ships" on a lucrative basis. If such aid is not to be granted blindly, thus subsidizing ignorance and inefficiency, then the federal government is under obligations to see that certain standards of scientific measurement are applied. Leaving aside the difficulties of choosing commercial routes and obtaining cargoes, the technical questions of ship construction which arise in connection with the execution of the law are bewildering enough to stagger all of the "two hundred thousand persons of superior intelligence in the United States," except a few marine engineers, who may or may not be highly intelligent. Even their brethren in other departments of engineering are, in this relation, almost as helpless as Jefferson's professor and plowman. If "intelligence" alone actually governed the country, its collective wisdom would not necessarily produce correct conclusions respecting the efficient execution of the Jones Merchant Marine Act. Who among the most intelligent are able to chose competent technical administrators?

Even in dealing with the broader aspects of the shipping question, the case for mere intelligence is scarcely improved. Should any financial assistance be given to ship owners, or should they be left to win in the competitive race on the strength of their own talents? No one would pretend for a moment that all intelligent citizens favor ship subsidies and that only the ignorant are to be found among the objectors. It is difficult to discover a single public question of significance on which intelligence and ignorance are diametrically opposed —assuming for the moment that these are really entities in the psychological world. Not even the most fanatical partisan contends that his group contains every bit of the brains in the country.

Passing from issues of domestic policy, which call for technical competence of high order, we encounter similar difficulties in the sphere of foreign relations. They are present in all divisions of trade and finance. They are especially obvious in matters of national defense. Under modern conditions, war is founded on technology; and "adequate preparedness," whatever it may mean, certainly involves engineering designs, calculations and operations of the most baffling complexity. Admitting for the sake of argument that the next foe or combination of foes can be determined in advance—an alignment depending on the foreign policy of the government and the "accidents" of history—how can any military or naval expert determine with any degree of accuracy the exact mechanical and chemical equipment which will prove effective under the incalculable conditions in which it may be employed? Doubtless there are many "experts" who speak as if they were sure of their "facts," but the lessons of the World War have warned the public against childlike reliance on the correctness of their judgment and inferences.

So grave are the problems of technology in government that many critics, doubting the ability of the general masses, propose to substitute for political legislatures, chosen by the head-counting process, composite organizations made up of agents representing industrial, technical and professional groups, supposed to embody the wisdom and understanding of their several specialties. The idea is not new. Pelatiah Webster, in his suggestions for a federal constitution published in 1783, proposed to associate a national chamber of commerce with the Congress of the United States. Nor is it academic: the legislature of Italy was reconstituted on a corporate basis by the dictator Mussolini, and the new Spanish constitution now under debate applies the same principle. Within limits the theory and the experiments may be useful.

But the notion that any professional group, however successful it may be in solving problems of detail in its own field, is equally competent to solve the problems arising from its relations to other groups and the totality is without support either in logic or experience. For example, it is scarcely to be assumed that a guild of coal operators, while thoroughly able to administer their property, are also equipped to decide with dogmatic precision all collateral cases, such as taxation of mines, wages of labor, transportation of coal and conservation

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of natural resources—to mention merely a few.

A government composed solely of federated groups would be more likely to fall to pieces from violent differences of opinion over technical questions than to attain permanent unity through a reciprocal exchange of decisions expertly made by particular interests. Transcending the peculiar questions of each specialty are the relations of all specialties; and the kind of knowledge or intelligence necessary to deal with these relations is not guaranteed by efficiency in any one sphere. Hence, if uninformed intelligence is barred from large areas of government by technical difficulties, determinate competence is in its turn helpless in other fields no less important to the welfare and destiny of peoples.

Beyond the mere technology of government lie fateful questions of great policy to which all other things are subordinate. Ruling classes, and sometimes their nations, have been destroyed by wrong decisions or guesses concerning duties, responsibilities and activities. It is not necessary to cite any examples from the crowded pages of history. If it is said that ruling classes are likely to have more genius for government than the masses, then it must be admitted that their genius has not always saved them from destruction. If they have, in fact, possessed all the intelligence and competence in the past and have been overcome by ignorant and foolish multitudes, then we are driven to the conclusion that the verdicts of history are generally wrong and that the universe in which we live is founded on folly and stupidity.

If it is so constituted, then intelligence and competence are enslaved to a Sisyphean task—eternally rolling a heavy stone up hill only to have it roll down again. The facts of history drive us to no such pessimistic thesis. At least if they lend color to it, they also give support to an opposite conclusion. History affords innumerable examples of sound judgments springing from the opinions of the nameless and unknown, given voice through leaders from their ranks, and resulting in actions afterward approved by the arbitrament of mankind, beyond which there is no appeal in earthly affairs. Those who arrogate intelligence to themselves are not always wise; nor are those to whom ignorance is ascribed always foolish.

In a machine age, at least, when informed competence, rather than "native" intelligence, is such an important factor, no political division of society into the wise and foolish is possible. Nor can any permanent classification of the people into sharp economic and technical groups be effected; if it could be made at a given moment, it would soon be smashed by the flooding cross-currents of our rapidly changing industrial processes. Even if it could be brought to pass for the purposes of representation in government and administration, it would only assure efficiency in tight compartments, not the representation of a super-efficiency which could correlate all specialties. Moreover, in an era of mass production by the masses and for the masses—when the poor and ill born work in the whole industrial structure from bottom to top, the people themselves bear heavy burdens of civilization; and they are as likely to discover through their skins, if in no other way, what is politically feasible and desirable as are the rich and well born through their superior powers of divination. History-making in a machine age is a mass process rather than an operation managed by a small aristocracy of conquest.

Hence, we are forced to the conclusion that in any working scheme of modern government, provision must be made for bringing to a focus of power the opinions of the multitude as such. Most of these views may be foolish, as alleged by the "intelligent," but, springing from the very heart of the productive organism, they cannot be ignored by superior persons who imagine themselves directing the drama. A division of the population into groups for representation in legislation and administration could have only limited, though perhaps highly valuable, uses. American citizens are, no doubt, already well organized into "pressure groups" which function powerfully within certain boundaries. But there is no reason for expecting any automatic solution of the problems of government by the mere legal incorporation of these guilds into the framework of the legislative and executive departments. Beyond the technical specialties there is unity—a unity which must be dealt with by a competence transcending that of particular experts.

Since this appears to be true, then, as Mr. Walter Lippmann has pointed out, a frank recognition of the nature and role of groups in government, not a recasting of political machinery along group lines, is the better hope for efficient government. Let the organization of economic and technical groups continue. Let them raise their standards of procedure. Let the departments of administration and the committees of Congress take advantage of their counsel and advice. Let research unearth and philosophy illuminate the social data of technological evolution. Let the business of government proceed on the basis of the fundamental facts of our technological age. Effect a wider distribution of knowledge respecting the transformation which technology has made in human affairs. In themselves these new attitudes imply a revolution in the study of government, in the approach to the subject, and in the methods of research, calculation and deduction employed. To the historic verbiage and tactics of politics, such an innovation would be fatal. If these are not the correct inferences, then what is the alternative?

Light can be thrown upon this finding from the experience of Germany as described in Arthur Rosenberg's remarkable book on "Die Entstehung der Deutschen Republik." The head of the German army in 1914 was not selected by any process savoring of democracy—by a parliament or an elected

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president; he was chosen by the German emperor on the basis of "competent" advice from military specialists. And yet when the test came he failed. The early breakdown of the German forces in the West is to be largely ascribed to his errors of judgment and his failure to keep in close touch with the progress of events at the front. The German army was technically proficient; it lacked a technically proficient leader. The aristocratic method of selection had failed to produce him. Democracy could have done no worse. At all events the War was won by the countries in which military affairs were constantly interfered with by the "democratic politicians" so generally scorned by "experts." In war as in peace, there are other elements involved besides machines. There are human factors that defy chemical analysis or statistical computation, and a government that does not take them into account is as unscientific as one that ignores mechanics, physics and chemistry.

Science and machinery do not displace all cultural considerations. They complicate these aspects of life; they set new conditions for social evolution; but they do not make an absolute break in history as destiny and opportunity. If, as Spengler says, all engineers should suddenly quit work for good, modern civilization would come crashing down about our ears; even so, civilization of some kind would continue. The problem before us is that of combining the highest philosophy of life with the efficient use of all the instrumentalities of the modern mind—a challenge to human powers on a new level of creative purpose.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Dying for Dear Old Mazuma

The Second of Two Articles on the Amateur Sports Racket

PROBABLY nowhere is the sports racket more firmly established than in the majority of colleges and universities scattered over this country. Protected by that gag now timeworn and ancient, by that ineffective smoke screen "Athletics for All," many of the American colleges are as closely tied up to big business in sport as they are to big business in education. Huge sums are taken in yearly through gate receipts at football contests (by huge sums I mean sums running from $360,000 to $750,000) and these furnish the incentive and the excuse for the ridiculous exaggerations which beset the game today—the $18,000 coaches, the $50,000 special trains and all the rest of the hocus-pocus without which it seems to be impossible to conduct the great American sport.

In the February, 1930, issue of The Athletic Journal—a magazine published by Major John L. Griffith of Chicago, the head of the Big Ten Conference, and widely read by high-school and collegiate athletic instructors—is an advertisement which is an essay on night football. Under a photograph of a game played in the evening at Washington University, St. Louis, it says:

> NIGHT FOOTBALL has gotten a wonderful start. It is the biggest money-maker the college has ever found.

This is the attitude which has made glorified athletic clubs of most of our large universities—although seldom will you see such a frank admission that football is a money-maker. Unquestionably, if the heads of the American colleges and universities were sincere, they could go a long way toward upsetting the sports racket in the United States by the simple expedient of taking the money question out of football.

It is true that no two or three universities—I except the position of Notre Dame in football at the present moment—exert the influence upon contemporary athletics that Oxford and Cambridge do in England. Nevertheless, it is a fact that much might be accomplished if an attempt were made by some old, powerful, established institution. Suppose, for instance, that Yale, Harvard and Princeton, as three of the oldest football-playing universities in the country, agreed to several specific changes: first, to dispense with the professional football coach and have the game taught by undergraduates; second, to restrict the playing to sophomores and juniors; third, to abolish all gate receipts. Drastic? Perhaps. But immediately football would be transformed from a vast business into a simple game. And such an example would be bound to have its effect in other parts of the country.

Yet what actually happens? Dr. Lowell, in his last Annual Report at Harvard, suggested that football be limited to one game a year, an idea which, as he must have known, would be unlikely to meet with favor among the wealthy graduates who support his endowment fund, whose opinions must be respected. The curious thing about this rather futile gesture was that two days later $5,000,000 was left to Harvard University by the will of the late Mr. Stuart Wyeth of the class of 1884. Now, the interest on this sum, which had no strings attached, is, at 5 percent,

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$250,000—enough money to run Harvard's athletic plant for the entire year, thus permitting President Lowell to deflate the football bubble by abolishing all gate receipts. With this fund in the background, there would be no obligation for expensive coaching, no necessity for winning teams, because, win or lose, funds for athletics in the university would always be at hand. To date, however, no steps in this direction have been taken.

It is now six months since the famous Bulletin No. 23 of the Carnegie Foundation appeared. Therein were contained specific and definite recommendations to the heads of the colleges and universities of the country for bringing athletics into a "sincere relation to the intellectual life of the college." These recommendations, if carried out, would go a long way toward breaking up the sports racket. "The paid coach, the gate receipts, the special training tables, the costly sweaters and expensive journeys in Pullman cars . . . these ought to stop," says the report. Have they stopped? Have they been abolished, or limited, or curtailed in any college or university in the United States? Not so that you could notice it with a Bausch and Lomb sports glass. In fact, Columbia University took a step in exactly the opposite direction shortly afterwards by reaching a new high for all time in the salary of $18,500 paid to its coach.

No matter what their outward protestations, the collegiate authorities are not as a rule sincere in their attitude toward athletics. Attempts to clean up the sports racket will most assuredly not be initiated by them within the walls of Dear Old Mazuma. No better instance of their attitude can be cited than their reception of the offer made by Dr. Frank P. Day of Union College, who proposed a league among the small colleges of upper New York state, in which the professional coaches, gate receipts, subsidized athletes and other symptoms of the sports racket would not exist. The day following his speech, the sports department of a New York newspaper sent out twenty telegrams to the presidents of the leading colleges in the East, among them Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Williams, Amherst and others, outlining Dr. Day's proposal and asking whether they approved of the radical suggestion of making amateur sports amateur. This breath-taking proposal was answered affirmatively by only one man, President Frederick C. Ferry of Hamilton. Dr. John Grier Hibben of Princeton kept close to first base by saying, "I should prefer not to make any comment on President Day's suggestions."

A letter sent last fall to The Boston Traveller is interesting as showing the trend of the times. After criticizing the strategy of the Holy Cross eleven in one of its big games, the writer goes on to remark, "Give us football, Holy Cross. Football with brains, generalship, team work! The fans demand it in justice."

The idea that the universities of the nation have any obligation to the football fans or that the fans have any right to dictate to the authorities in charge of educational institutions would be too absurd to need comment, were it not important as pointing out the condition into which these same authorities have permitted college athletics to drift. Games played in baseball parks or games played at night for the purpose of grabbing the gate lead outsiders to believe that by paying admission they can criticize just as they criticize a professional baseball club. After all, why not? The college heads have become professional promoters pushing football instead of boxing or baseball or hockey or six-day bicycle racing. Through their press agents—every good football team has a capable press agent today—they send out their propaganda to the press, sell seats to the games and compete for the client's money in the approved professional manner.

In many college towns, moreover, the townspeople do not want amateur sport or sensible sport or sport pure and simple. A university may support several hundred merchants, and a winning football team can go a long way toward helping them do more than break even at the end of the year. A conference championship team that plays on successive Saturdays to eighty thousand fans, a team that welcomes one great rival on Homecoming Day, and another rival the next Saturday on Kiwanis Day, and a third rival within the fortnight on Dad's Day, means money in the bank to the majority of tradespeople in the vicinity. And even those not directly benefited by the week-end influx are benefited indirectly by the prosperity which flows into the shops of their neighbors.

Here is the vicious circle. One autumn, X—— University turns out a winning team, and crowds pour into town to see it play. The merchants prosper, and some of the leading business men, who realize the potential value of such a team to the town, give a banquet in mid-winter to the eleven and to Head Coach Joe Gazumpus, the greatest coach the University of West Iowa ever had. The boys are openly presented with gold footballs to wear on their watch chains, and Joe is covertly presented with gold in a more negotiable form. The banquet is fully reported in the local newspaper, and the president of the University is not mentioned as being present.

Joe is no fool. He recognizes friends when he sees them. If the athletic council of the college refuses to help him out with the boys, he goes to the leaders of the chamber of commerce, those industrialists who were instrumental in arranging for the banquet. They are just as interested in a winning team as the coach, so when he explains that his star halfback cannot return next fall for lack of funds, a purse is privately raised to insure the boy's education. If some leading high-school star is to enter the university, care is taken to see that he has charge accounts at all local stores. Perhaps the bills will be sent regularly and perhaps they will

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not. If the proprietor of the Jones Café wishes to feed the all-American halfback for nothing, certainly that is no one's business but his own.

An excellent illustration of how this farce can be carried out was the post-season game between Stanford and Alabama at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena several years ago. Commenting on this, in The Stanford Daily, the student editors remarked:

> Possibly we imagined it; but it seemed to us on New Year's Day that there was something lacking at that football game. . . . We felt that a couple of college teams were about to go through the motions of playing a game in order that the crowd might be entertained and in order that the Pasadena real-estate market might benefit from the effects of so gratifying a spectacle.
>
> Our impression of the entire affair was not helped when a notorious motion-picture actress was escorted to midfield to present the two captains with floral pieces which bore a close resemblance to the type one sees at funerals. Nor were we inclined to look at the thing in a more optimistic light when we were informed later on that the gentleman who reported the game over the radio included in his dissertation a vivid description of the beauty of the Pasadena hills.
>
> In short, the day was utterly ruined for us by the unpleasant feeling that the Stanford varsity and student body were in an undignified position, comparable to that occupied by a grass-skirt artist imported to put over an Elks' banquet.

Very often you hear it said that there is nothing necessarily wrong in the mere taking in of hundreds of thousands of dollars in big intercollegiate contests. True. Then the arguers go a step further and declare it to be admirable because it is used for such admirable purposes as promoting athletics for all. As sound a thinker as Professor Charles W. Kennedy of Princeton makes this mistake in his excellent little book, "College Athletics." "I believe," he says, "that college sport is very appropriately financed by the money that is taken in at intercollegiate contests."

And so it is, too, if we send our sons to college to be money-makers for the athletic association. But do we? And if they earn these sums, and if the money is correctly and properly used, is there any reason why they should not be paid for their services like any other boys who earn their way through a university in any other manner? That is just what a lot of us are beginning to wonder.

Of course this idea is so advanced today as to cause the loyal sons of Dear Old Mazuma to shudder. But may it not be one of the solutions to the vexed problems at hand? I do not know, no one knows; it is rash to predict the future of athletics; but certainly there is at least a possibility that college football players will some day be given an authorized salary. Another strong possibility, a step that would clear away much ambiguity and would perhaps be a death wound to the sports racket, would be the abolition of the term amateur, the ending of the ridiculous business of amateur sport by business men paid in kind.

If some radical changes of the sort do not creep into our sports in this country, we shall merely have the continuance of the sports racket, except that it will grow larger, more powerful, bolder and more unscrupulous than it is at present. Well, what of it? What difference does it make, after all? Someone has declared that a country has the politicians it deserves; may it not be also that a country has the sports it deserves? In the colleges today, the authorities in charge and the undergraduates in residence are by no means unduly concerned about the state of things in the sports racket. Those whose business it is to report what goes on in the athletic world for the press of the nation are not talking very much or very loudly. The associations that control amateur sport, the champions in this sport or that, and the football coaches who turn out the world-beating, the epoch-making, all-time-all-American football teams, are quite disposed to let things ride as they are. After all, why not?

Let me explain why not. In my first article I suggested that the big business of modern sports, which today involves the expenditure of millions and millions of dollars and demands the time and attention of hundreds of thousands of workers, has been mostly built up since the start of the present century. Think back, then, for a couple of generations and bear with me while I set down a few ideas as old and as out of date today as short skirts or the silent movie. The word "sport" comes, so Webster informs us, from the old Saxon word "disport," meaning to amuse, to divert, to make merry. In the average football game between two large colleges in these United States at the present time, one watches twenty-two young athletes the cost of whose sporting education, training, equipment and transportation to the field is around $23,000 each. Yes, each man costs $23,000 to teach, train, transport and equip for the fray. Looking at such a spectacle—at $5 a look—is not sport. Neither is making contacts upon a golf course in the hope that they will help you in your business.

Sport is something played for fun. A sportsman is a man who plays games purely for the fun and amusement there is in them and would infinitely rather lose than play unfairly. The instant other considerations appear, sport becomes work, and the sportsman is a professional or a business man. Or both. Sport cannot exist in an atmosphere of grasping fingers, of people trying to make money out of it. True, it furnishes an amusing pastime for the $5 spectators. But it is not sport; it is business.

Well, what of it? What difference does it make? Why not just let things ride as they are? The answer is simply that with the sports racket in tight control of the wheel there is hardly a vestige of first-class sport left anywhere in the United States today.

JOHN R. TUNIS.

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A Program for Progressive Schools

The Third Contribution to the Symposium, "The New Education Ten Years After"

FREEDOM" is a word too often profaned by modern educators. True freedom of conduct must always have as its basis the wisdom inherent in the admonition, "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Freedom in academic work must first of all be founded upon thorough, authentic scholarship; legitimate freedom is not related to noise, impertinence, unsavory conduct and slipshod work.

"Creative" is another word which has suffered from abuse. It is, for example, a travesty on sound scholarship as well as on literary feeling that the volumes of superinduced poetry put forward as the work of students by overzealous and somewhat poetic teachers of English should be called "creative." If the production of sophisticated poems were native to adolescent boys and girls—if their writing were actually spontaneous, significant and creative—then genius would bud, flower and thrive in every school. But when poetry is superinduced —that is, deliberately called forth by the instructor —it ceases to be creative work.

Almost one is persuaded that words like these should be avoided until the prolific contributors to educational literature have had an opportunity to study their dictionaries. The same remark applies to "educational research," "educational psychology" and "the science of education." These terms are used variously for specific purposes, but, along with a hundred others, they occur in the tenets of a few credulous pseudo-scientists who adopt the notion that education is a science. One looks vainly for evidence that such is the case. We can only say, hopefully, that an effort is being made to study objectively the few features of education that lend themselves to scientific treatment.

We cannot yet understand the origin and action of emotions; much less can we control them. Sadness, joy, rebellion, ambition, daydreams, love, hate, worry: all these feelings may exist in different members of any class when a bell rings and the work begins. What becomes of the laws of learning in the presence of these conflicting but persistent emotions? Even the standardized tests of information and intelligence, although they are in a few cases the most accurate measures that we have, are now being met by students who are consciously trained to meet them. Their greater value when they first appeared was due to their novelty to the students and the consequent fact that no teacher had prepared his charges to write them. There is no science of education, nor will any science emerge, miraculously, through statistics compiled from questionnaires or standardized tests.

Advance in this direction must come in the future, if it comes at all, through research in biology and in the field that may be differentiated as psychobiology. It is not for the normal-school or teachers'-college graduate to attempt this task: genuine research in education can be carried out only by men and women who have graduated from medical schools and who know anatomy and laboratory psychology as did William James. Meanwhile there are other tasks for progressive educators to perform.

The term "progressive education" has met with certain objections. For one thing, it has an exclusive sound: people are likely to construe it as implying that unless one is a member of the Progressive Education Association, one is not progressive in one's work. Such an implication was never intended; and in fact the members of the Association are assiduous in discovering and bringing forward the progressive work of non-members.

Another objection is that of some conservative educators, for whom the very word "progressive" implies revolt of a superficial, emotional nature. The progressives themselves prefer the milder word "reform." And surely any intelligent person who examines into educational conditions in this country will see at once that reform is a pressing need. Our schools have grown in number with incredible rapidity. With a sweeping American gesture we decided upon universal education. It is no wonder that the quality does not yet approximate the quantity. It is no wonder that our schools and school systems have become standardized, rigid and inflexible. One might engrave upon some of the buildings, "The law requires you to enter here," and, as a corollary, "Devil take the hindmost."

A third objection touches some members of the Progressive Education Association without touching the Association as a whole. For, there are some progressive educators who insist upon hawking their own particular wares as panaceas; there are others who incessantly advertise something new for novelty's sake; there are still others to whom freedom and license are synonymous. Some think it advantageous for purposes of self-advertisement to use new catch-phrases or names for old ideas; a few exploit children too much and place them too

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prominently in the center of the stage, so that they issue from school with personalities that are somewhat egotistic, disrespectful, unpleasantly discourteous, and with a strong tendency toward uninformed radicalism. The Association has, however, more than 7,000 members, and the majority of these are willing to place the general good above their own exaltation.

The general aim of the Progressive Education Association is merely a sponsorship of good work in education, whether it be new or old, and the wish to practise and encourage valid advances in pedagogy. Specifically, the progressives are interested in several immediate problems: a more flexible distribution of the college-entrance requirements, better education for teachers, a more natural, informal atmosphere in the schools, the establishment of a unifying background for the course of study and a full recognition of the problems of citizenship under a representative form of government.

There are two parts to the question of college entrance: first, the passing of college-board examinations, and second, the arrangement of the secondary-school curriculum. The problem of examinations applies with particular force to private schools where nearly every boy or girl wishes to enter a college requiring board examinations. These examinations have been liberalized steadily in content and have never been too difficult. The requirements at the same age level are heavier in Germany, France and England. They have appeared arduous in our country because we have not yet built up the respect for learning that one finds in the youth of continental Europe. The "new plan" of entrance, now acceptable in all of the men's colleges, shows the liberal trend of the college authorities. By this plan, instead of using the old method of "passing" insignificant, unrelated units, the student waits until the close of his senior year and then submits papers in the four subjects he has studied during that year. As these examinations come to demand more thought and cumulative information, but, on the other hand, to be less insistent upon the memory for isolated facts, the first college-entrance problem will find a reasonable solution.

The second aspect of college requirements needs further study. Nearly all of the colleges ask for fifteen units of secondary-school preparation. Of these, there must be at least eight in language work (if we include English), three in mathematics and one each in history and science. This scheme leaves the preparatory school only two elective units with which to meet the great variations in the interests, aptitudes and capacities of students. It exalts mathematics to the point of requiring every student to study algebra for two or more years and plane geometry for one year. The reason for this emphasis is not clear. The study of history, which, properly presented, is the study of human evolution and which should be the chief unifying cultural background of learning, is requested for one or, at most, two years. In the field of science, a great modern adventure which has changed our whole material civilization, only one unit is required. Is it true that quadratic equations are more important than the study of mankind's development and that geometry has greater contributions to offer than a study of natural science?

The progressives have no desire to lower the standards of college-entrance requirements. They favor, overwhelmingly, the new plan with its four examinations. While they do not wish to reduce the number of units and the amount of work required, they would welcome a wider choice in fitting the course of study to the individual. Also, should not the exceptionally talented musician or painter be given full credit for his work in either of these fields of art?

The second item in the program of the progressive is better education for teachers. At present pedagogical standards are far from ideal. The establishment of universal education in this country called for a legion of teachers, and one could hardly expect to create an army of cultured scholars by mass-production methods. Conditions are slowly improving, but our group of real scholars is small even today. Everywhere one finds the desire to do well, but one finds too frequently a lack of information or of native ability, or both.

Scores of teachers' colleges and normal schools have been organized to meet the demand for the education of instructors, but the majority of these institutions are concerning themselves with methods of teaching instead of information to be transmitted to future pupils. What our teachers need is a cultural background. Instead of acquiring a rich store of interesting human material they learn definitions of education, study about spurious laws of learning and read dull books about statistical measurement. Method is elevated to undue prominence out of sheer ignorance of more important matters. A glance at the hundreds of courses offered in teachers' colleges impresses one with the fact that they are padded, they overlap and that there is widespread repetition. There is not enough authentic information about education to fill a dozen college courses. The technique of teaching is an important matter, but it should forever be made secondary to a thorough background of information. Some educators have long held this view and have influenced others to put it into operation. Notable among them is John Dewey, the recognized leader of the progressives and, for that matter, the most effective leader in educational thought in this country.

In general, the progressives favor a four-year course in academic work beyond the secondary school. Study in pedagogy would thereby become post-graduate in character, and it might be more safely assumed that the candidate derives his information fully before devoting himself to the technique of teaching. Some progressive schools are doing excellent service by offering practice-teaching

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positions that are parallel to interneships in the field of medicine or apprenticeships in the law.

The humanizing of education is a popular movement. The atmosphere of school life is increasingly more natural and friendly. One finds less and less of the autocratic isolation of the teacher. Arbitrary systems of demerits are giving way to a more reasonable treatment for troublesome children. Boys and girls respond far more readily and constructively when they are dealt with on a rational basis. For the first time in American educational history it is recognized that a student should *participate in his own education*. When all is said and done, one must wonder why it is that, when teacher and pupils come together for a class, it is the teacher who *asks* the question and the students who *reply*. The indolent instructor relies upon this catechism because it enables him to go through with his hour almost without effort. The progressive teacher undertakes the far more difficult but much superior method of discussion with his students; his classroom is a place where joint learning is going forward, where opinions are freely discussed and where each member of the group is encouraged to make some thoughtful contribution to the work.

As for a unifying background for the school curriculum—the fourth item in the program—this can best be furnished by the study of history construed as the comprehensive account of social evolution. Frequently, this subject is taught in unrelated sections: now a unit of English history, now a unit of ancient history and, during another year, a unit of American history. Instead of this we need a continuous course of study, beginning in primitive times and following the advance of all nations together down to the present day. The study of history has thus a natural sequence; it is comparative and chronological. Here and there the obviously great contributions of nations and individuals will receive extended attention. The history of industry, music, science, the fine arts—in fact of all fields that have made life what it is today—will be studied both because of the interest in these developments as such and because they explain our present civilization.

The unifying of a student's course of study through one continuous background will help to make learning more permanent. If one thing leads to another and if each new step depends upon what precedes, we shall in some measure overcome the artificial effects of the unit system. There has grown up an unreasoned custom of "taking" a subject, "passing" it and proceeding thence to some "new" subject. Unfortunately, the word "passing" is often interpreted literally and students, having "passed" a subject, never return to it. No subject is *new* in a well ordered, cumulative learning scheme; always it is a natural part of the development of civilization and always it is linked with both the past and the future. Each subject in the curriculum is then discovered in its original setting.

"Lies die Geschichte!" is an old German imperative and one which has a considerable significance for all peoples at all times. In this country, where we have representative government, we must move by the slow and laborious march of our majorities. We have fallen into easy and irresponsible political ways and are satisfied, because of a specious prosperity, to be governed by politicians rather than statesmen. It is doubtful whether corruption and the colossal abuse of public funds have ever existed in the history of nations as conspicuously as they thrive in our country today. Is it not possible that something may be accomplished through the 27,000,000 pupils now in our schools, and, more immediately, through our 1,250,000 teachers? Here is a tremendous army ready to be utilized for peaceful purposes. And here, in emphasizing the problems of citizenship, lies a duty of progressive educators and a last essential item in their program.

Parents are hopefully awaiting the day when they can have confidence in schools. At present, there are such wide variations in practice and such confusion among theories that they do not know where to turn for reliable information. What we need is authentic leadership, but it is even questionable at present whether we have enough intelligent followers who will set aside personal hopes of glory and who will agree upon a few basic ideas.

And yet desirable changes in education are gradually taking place. The most conservative schools and colleges, at first hostile to the notion of change because, in some cases, change seemed premature, are now hospitable to the many authentic elements of progressive education. It is an error for us to be in too much of a hurry, and we need to be more careful to avoid the false alarms of quick and easy victory. Those who speak of a "swiftly changing culture" are misled by the age-old illusion that one's contemporary life is somehow more kaleidoscopic than life in another age. Unquestionably the liberal trend is growing stronger and the humanizing of education is in process.

FRANCIS MITCHELL FROELICHER.

Washington Notes

AS THE time approaches when he must act, the impression in Washington deepens that despite the extraordinary pressure for a veto, Mr. Hoover will sign the tariff bill. For months he has consistently ignored every question in press conferences touching the tariff—and the "gentlemen of the press" tell me there have been hundreds. He has in addition, so far as is known, avoided giving any flat assurance as to his ultimate action, even to his most intimate friends. Further, he has pondered (and with pain) the protests that have poured into the White House and appeared in the editorial columns of journals whose general tendency is to support the administration. Yet every sign of interest he displays and every move of his congressional liaison secretary, Mr. Newton, is indicative of a determination to approve if and when the bill arrives

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on his desk. In view of the well known fact that he does not like the bill, that it is far from what he wanted and that it was framed by men wholly out of sympathy with him, it may be interesting to give still another White House argument as to why he will permit it to become law, as outlined to me by one in close, constant and confidential contact with the "Chief."

In effect, this argument is that, distasteful as the bill is to him, there is nothing to do but sign. All a veto means is that the next regular session will be gummed up again with a tariff struggle from which no better measure could be expected, with some chance of one that would be much worse. Further, according to my informant, the recovery of business, regarded as certain within the next year and a half, will sweep the tariff aside as a political issue. Still further, he avers that the farmers want the agricultural rates in this bill despite the bellowing of certain professional and political "friends of the farmer." These rates were promised by Mr. Hoover, and failure to approve the bill will leave that promise unredeemed. I have previously given here the other reasons for presidential approval. This additional argument is here presented because it has not been made before and will certainly not be presented publicly even in the tart message accompanying the presidential signature, which, I am informed from the same source, is contemplated. Neither this nor any of the other considerations seems to me to balance those on the other side, either from the political or the patriotic standpoint. Nor do I think the country will consider these arguments valid. Nevertheless, there they are.

Speaking of votes, the overwhelming way in which the House and Senate overrode the one on the $11,000,000 Spanish Veterans' Pension Bill ought to encourage rather than discourage Mr. Hoover—that is if his so-called "political judgment" is in working order. The soundness of his position on this bill is unquestioned, and under such circumstances a veto overridden invariably tends to strengthen the President and weaken Congress in the eyes of the people. One has only to recall the tremendous eulogies of the "courage" of Mr. Coolidge in vetoing the Soldiers' Bonus Bill (promptly passed over his veto) to appreciate this. It became one of his principal assets—though with his entire Cabinet and nearly his entire newspaper support insisting upon the veto, it was always difficult for me, while I agreed with his judgment, to see where the courage came in.

Mr. Hoover's veto was on a smaller and unsensational bill. Yet exactly the same principle was involved, and the same lobbying veterans' organizations had to be opposed. In all parts of the country the press has praised Herbert and condemned Congress. Yet Herbert was obviously depressed. Partly, it was explained, this was due to his sorrow that Congress should be so easily swayed to do a concededly unwise thing, but partly it was due to his feeling that his prestige had suffered. It is strange that a man so clear headed on other things should be so foggy on the political side, but it is even stranger that he should be so sensitive. Perhaps he is just built that way and nothing can be done about it. From his standpoint, however, it seems a pity. A different President could so easily capitalize congressional opposition. Another President would realize that the more vetoes of this sort overridden, the better off he is. Another President would privately rejoice as his enemies kicked him upstairs, instead of silently looking for a bruised place on his political skin.

With the return from Europe of the Honorable George Higgins Moses, the London Treaty scuttlers have taken on new hope. The Honorable George, a master of the art of legislative blockade, has such a consistent record for opposing all international agreements of any sort, kind, size or disposition that his reappearance in the Senate was naturally welcomed by the little band of Senators hostile to ratification. The Honorable Freddie Hale and the Honorable Hiram Johnson have been hanging onto his coat tails since the day he lit in Washington. George would show them the way to postpone action, regardless of extra-session threats from the White House. And perhaps George will; but up to this writing, singularly enough, George has not definitely aligned himself with them. That he is not for the Treaty is admitted. It would be impossible to frame a treaty which he would be for. Nevertheless, George is not fond of futility. He likes to get somewhere when he starts, and now that he has looked the situation over, it may be that he appreciates the fact that in this fight there is no way for him to get anything except the worst of it. For all I know, by the time this piece is printed, his congenital hostility to treaties may have overcome his discretion and he may be arrayed as one of the leaders in the fight for postponement, but up to date he has taken no stand. Skillfully evading the insistent "gentlemen of the press" with the excuse that he has not yet had time or opportunity to read the Treaty, he has twice breakfasted at the White House and discussed it with the "Chief," whom he later described to the press as looking "hunted." It is little remarks such as that which give George his much deserved reputation for loyalty and devotion. However, that is incidental; the main thing is that George, one of our most effective treaty scuttlers, has not yet made up his mind whether in this particular case the effort to scuttle is worth while. Long and intimate knowledge of George convinces me that in the end he will be against the Treaty. You can't cure a scuttler.

By the time this is printed, the North Carolina primaries will have determined whether dear old Uncle Furnifold Simmons, that great exponent of tolerance, will have his remarkable political career closed by a humiliating rebuke from his state, or whether, triumphing over the forces of unrighteousness, he will be returned to the Senate for the sixth successive term, and thus put in a position to break all records for Senate service. There is wide interest in Mr. Simmons' prospects, but not quite so wide as in the New Jersey primaries, which will be held at about the time this issue of The New Republic appears upon the stands. The prevailing opinion in Washington now is that Mr. Morrow will be nominated, that Mr. Fort will poll a heavy Dry vote, and that "Curly Joe" Frelinghuysen will run a bad third. Washington judgments are notoriously infirm in these matters, and it may not come out that way at all. But whatever the result, it will throw an illuminating light on the relative strengths of Wets and Drys in the Republican party. There has been no real test along these

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lines before, and the lesson of the figures will not be lost upon the party people. Such figures will, for example, have their effect in New York, where the party, due largely to prohibition, is in a state of demoralization hard to exaggerate. T. R. B.

Washington.

Aristophanes' Babyhood

The Garrick Gaieties. Guild Theater, June 4, 1390.

THE MEI LAN-FANG number serves very well to give an idea of what the Garrick Gaieties, happily repeated from season to season, have to offer and what they lack. "Strictly Dishonorable" is the source of the satiric inspiration here in "Strictly Honorable," and Mei Lan-fang, the Chinese actor who triumphed only lately among us, is the object of the satire. Mr. Albert Carroll is in charge of Mei's impersonation.

The scene is in an American speakeasy, two chairs with embroidered strips, a table, the bootlegger and the judge in historic masks. Muriel should enter with her lover from Orange, New Jersey—he holds the orange by way of symbol—but the requirement is for a special entrance of the star. Muriel wants to spend the night in the opera singer's room, does so, but remains virtuous in the end because she is only a female impersonator.

Mr. Albert Carroll has done some of the best impersonations in America, down at the Grand Street Follies and later in his own recitals. His Neighborhood Playhouse training in dance movement has put him far ahead of most impersonators so far as concerns the rhythmic needs of this role. The lines for this burlesque are by Mr. Benjamin S. Kaye, and are on the whole capital, sometimes triumphant. Mr. Carroll has that high note with its descending quaver or trill or whatever you like to call it, that often occurs in Mei's performances, very well. It is the thing in which he is most like Mei Lan-fang. In a few movements he catches the right effect, and his entrance is fair. But the whole study, as it stands, is careless and lazy. The make-up is quite wrong, with its white and black shading; Mei Lan-fang's make-up showed little black, and the shadings were gotten with overlays of various carmines and browns and white, on the upper eyelids, the eyebrows, the cheeks, and carmine for the ears. The palms of the hands were also rouged. Mr. Carroll took no trouble to get any of this. Nor did he concern himself greatly with the movement of the head on the shoulders, a thing that was never relaxed in Mei Lan-fang and was one of the sources of that continuity in visual rhythm that was perhaps the most remarkable element in his art. Nor did Mr. Carroll do anything with that oblique position of the feet that also obtained this continuity and produced the special walk desired. Mei Lan-fang's use and timing of the eyes Mr. Carroll scarcely suggested. All this was far below Mr. Carroll's own standard, for he has at times in the past made observations and comments on every phase of his subject that were startlingly inspired. We do not necessarily ask him to convey the actor's qualities seriously or academically, but it is through the impersonator's close observation of Mei Lan-fang that the satire might appear, and through our swift perception of similarity with difference that wit and wings might arise. The part of the interpreting young lady, who stood in front of Mei's curtain and spoke the little explanatory introductions to the Chinese pieces, is taken by Miss Hildegarde Halliday. Except for one gesture of the right hand upward she misses it entirely, though she has some very good lines and a pretty costume. She has not observed the mildly objectionable assertion of her own ego that Mei's introducer displayed nor the qualities of her English. The position of the hands, one at a diagonal laid above the other, conventional and very noticeable, Miss Halliday completely omits; she solves the problem by hiding her crossed hands in her sleeves, held together in front of her.

These points about the Mei Lan-fang number illustrate, as I began by saying, both the shortcomings of this revue and its pleasant aspects. You would think that together with the sheer pleasure of gaily exhibiting yourself, it would also be diverting, be something to chew upon, to study and restate the actual qualities of the stuff you burlesque, and that the course of performances, one after another for a long time, would be spiced up for an intelligent person by this constant hilarious exactitude and close satire. It seems not, however. The diverting and successful side of this Chinese number consisted in a certain gay carelessness, not inviting you to be charmed with genuine point but obliging and friendly, one moment following brightly on another. In the last season of the Grand Street Follies the effect was too often one of being overcharged, you had to know too much about what was being satirized to share easily in the joyous moment, or the complications of the burlesque were such as to strain you out of the festivity intended. This was not always so, but appeared to be a growing tendency on the producers' part. In the first Charlot Revue, on the other hand, there was less brains and less expert efficiency among individual performers, but the whole effect had the engaging hospitality and off-hand invention of house-party dramatics, and from that derived its disarming, pleasant spell. The Garrick Gaieties have taken over not a few devices and clever inventions, the result of long effort and skill at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Of these they are using the more superficial things and losing the more intelligent and significant. And they have been smart enough to achieve that pleasant house-party good-temper and energy that Charlot's Revue displayed, though not the same degree of ripe and simple humor, often slightly old-style. The director of the Garrick Gaieties, Mr. Philip Loeb, may be complimented on the speed of the numbers one after another, the workmanlike management of the show from beginning to end.

The sketches, lyrics, music, settings and so on are by Charles W. Schwab, Willard Robison, Thomas McKnight, Newman Levy, Gretchen Damrosch Finletter, Leo Poldine, Henry Myers and others. The company lists Hildegarde Halliday, Sterling Holloway, Ruth Chorpenning, Philip Loeb, Albert Carroll, Edith Meiser and many others already known or not. The best talent among them all is Mr. Sterling Holloway, who never fails you in any detail. After him comes Miss Edith Meiser, partly actress, partly diseuse, and Mr. Albert Carroll. From Mr. Roger Sterns' playing for that five minutes in the Hollywood

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number, we may resent his not having been given a number to himself at the piano, not necessarily highty-tighty.

The competition in telling blindfolded which was the Persimmons bed, written by Gretchen Damrosch Finletter and Leo Poldine, was sharp and witty, full of promise for future revues. The best thing on the program, as good as you ask anywhere, was the Grover Whalen sketch, by Mr. Newman Levy and Mr. Vernon Duke, good chorus, corking satirical lines, great gusto, spirited wit and a clever backdrop.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Working Women Think of Frances Perkins

SIR: *In view of the recent attacks on the administration of the* New York State Workmen's Compensation Commission, the enclosed resolution, unanimously adopted at our regular meeting on June 2, may be of interest to readers of The New Republic.

ROSE SCHNEIDERMAN,
President, New York Women's Trade Union League.

[ENCLOSURE]

Whereas, it has come to our attention that attacks have been made on the administration of the New York State Workmen's Compensation Commission; and,

Whereas, these attacks have been made by irresponsible people who have not taken the trouble to investigate thoroughly the cases on which the complaints were based; and,

Whereas, we are profoundly suspicious of the intentions and actions of people who are showing such a sudden and deep interest in the Workmen's Compensation Commission, which interest they failed to show in the past when it might have been most valuable; be it

Resolved, that the Women's Trade Union League hereby assures the New York State Commissioner of Labor, Frances Perkins, of its confidence and faith in her integrity as commissioner, her entire devotion to her task, her ability and willingness to right all wrongs wherever possible if submitted to her fairly and honestly; and be it further

Resolved, that the Women's Trade Union League pledges its support to the Commissioner of Labor in her untiring and effective efforts to so administer the law that justice shall be done to all.

NEW YORK WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.
New York City.

A Dissenting Opinion on "The Green Pastures"

SIR: Having bought a railroad ticket as well as a theater ticket to "The Green Pastures," I speak under the heading of a small investor. I was one of those who had to see the play that was an "experience" rather than a "show." But what I saw was a show of inferior order, and the experience I had was the unpleasant one of witnessing a large audience draw spiritual refreshment from an unintentional but silly travesty on the Negro mind.

The people who told me about "The Green Pastures" made the point that it was the finest picture yet given of the Negro's attitude to his religion—a beautiful, funny and original representation of his spiritual depths and mental mannerisms. On the contrary, "The Green Pastures," like the book from which it is drawn, is shallow and exaggerated caricature. Whatever of spiritual content is in it, lies in the songs made by the Negro himself. Between these songs and what the dramatist has to say there is no relation whatever. The lines of the play are commonplace and self-conscious. The idea behind them is shabby. The Lord did not perform the miracle of giving to the dramatist the power to construct a living play out of what he had never seen at first-hand.

For the Negro is too great an artist to have such imaginings as these attributed to him. Whatever of the childish his songs contain, they contain also the fervor and excitement of genuine inspiration. He may be a primitive, but he is not a moron. Never in the darkest days of slavery could he have had such a threadbare idea of heaven as that supplied him by this very literal playwright. When the Negro made his songs, they were not about hay wagons and calico, but about chariots and pearls.

It is difficult to understand why this play should be said to contain the elements of spiritual purification. For its attitude to the Negro is throughout an unwholesome blend of the worshipful and the condescending. It shows him as benighted and foolish. The moments of genuine Negro fun and savagery are smeared with moralistic meanings, as in the episode of the night club in Babylon.

On the other hand, the play bows down before the Negro's superior brand of faith in God. And it is this phase to which the onlooker responds with humility and tears. The greater simplicity of the black man, his purer heart, his charming intimacy with the Bible are a reproach to us in one sense, but in another a subtle compliment. Looking down upon him, and from just about the same height as Mr. Connelly's Jehovah, we are stirred with merciful and noble feelings—stirred, if we do not realize that it is his theatrically and artificially low level which supplies us with an equally artificial height.

HORTENSE FLEXNER.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

But in Any Case, a Ghastly Waste of Money

SIR: I desire to call your attention to an article entitled "The Amateur Sports Racket," by John R. Tunis, which appeared in the May 28 issue of your publication. This statement is to the effect that a recent trip of the United States Military Academy football squad to Palo Alto, California, to participate in a game with Stanford University was, to quote his language, a "ghastly and criminal waste of the taxpayers' money."

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Tunis is not fully informed on the subject upon which he writes. The Army Athletic Association operates on the same principle as similar associations at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Notre Dame and hundreds of other institutions, and supports, without cost to the government, all athletics at West Point, including not only football, but eighteen other sports as well. Not one cent of taxpayers' money went to defray the expenses of the football trip mentioned, nor does the government contribute a dollar to the athletic program at West Point.

The sports writers referred to in the article should be exonerated and your readers informed as to real facts.

WILLIAM R. SMITH,
Major General, U. S. A.
United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

"You Got Shoes, I Got Shoes"

SIR: Mr. John R. Tunis in your issue of May 28 makes the surprising statement that the yearly clothing cost per football player in the larger colleges is probably closer to a thousand than five hundred dollars.

For the school year of 1928-29, at the University of Illinois, the total cost for football equipment of all kind was $11,122. At the start of the season there were 460 candidates for the varsity and freshman teams, all of whom had to be outfitted. This figures considerably less than $30 a man.

For $50 a player can be fitted with the best equipment. For shoes $12.50 is a high price, and it is absurd to say they are usable for one game only. Equipment is used for years, being handed down from varsity to reserves, to freshmen, and so on.

University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill. L. M. TOBIN.

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The Revolt Against Dualism

The Revolt Against Dualism, by Arthur O. Lovejoy. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 325 pages. $4.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL revolt of the twentieth century against the seventeenth meets a very formidable check in this book by the second Paul Carus lecturer. The beginning of the present century witnessed the opening shot of American and English philosophers against the old realistic dualism which Descartes and Locke had left as a fatally ambiguous philosophical legacy to the thinking world. In close succession and from different quarters, there followed the onslaughts of neo-realism, pragmatism, behaviorism and relativity physics challenging the hard and fast distinctions between things and ideas as well as minds and bodies. Its outer works lost, its arguments spiked, its very citadel in the shadow of the big Berthas of modern science, it seemed that dualism would unconditionally surrender its position to the armies headed by Whitehead, Russell, Dewey and others. But in the hour before victory, Professor Lovejoy has come forward and fired a salvo which is sure to give the attackers pause. With a penetrating dialectic which challenges comparison with the best discussions of its kind, he claims that the actual position of historic dualism has been misconceived, that the opposition is confused in both its objective and tactics and that its glorious victories have been won by paper proclamations rather than by forthright argument. Whether true or not, this is an important book for the professional philosopher; and one which cannot fail to be instructive even to the layman, provided he is willing to sweat and scramble through its barbed-wire entanglement of philosophic jargon.

When he has finished it, however, not only will he wonder at the meticulous ingenuity of Professor Lovejoy's analysis of the question of the possibility of knowledge, but he will wonder at the futility of all discussion which does not ask "what does it *mean* to know" before "how is it *possible* to know." Had Professor Lovejoy attempted to answer the first question before the second, he would probably have written a different book—perhaps the eagerly expected one on the metaphysics of temporalism.

But what is this dualism, and why the revolt against it? The dualism defended by Lovejoy is both double-edged and dangerous. It is a claim for the representative theory of perception on the one hand, and for the extremist psycho-physical breach of continuity between the worlds of mind and matter on the other. Although related, the two questions are distinct.

Man naturally assumes that in perception he comes in direct contact with objects external to him. The rose is really red and his beloved is really fair; seeing merely reports but does not transform the furniture of heaven and earth. But the fact that errors often occur leads him to the conviction that things are not always what they seem. Further reflection shows that what is given in perception is only what things *seem* to be, not what they *are*. What they are can only be known by an *inference* on the basis of our perceptual data. What then becomes of the prejudice that we know things directly? Lovejoy very impressively marshals the evidence to show that this can never be the case, that "the object of our knowing must be different from that which is present to us at the moment when we are commonly said to be apprehending it." Try to recall the scrambled eggs you ate for breakfast this morning. The *memory* of what you ate is not an addled egg in your brain, nor the irrecoverable breakfast itself, nor is it the yellow smear on your chin which enabled you to remember. Look at the brightest star in the sky. The twinkling colored datum which you behold cannot be identified with the actual astronomical star, for since the velocity of light is finite, the actual star may have disappeared years before its rays reached our earth. All perception, maintains the epistemological dualist, is an event involving three terms: the existent, the perceived datum and the percipient. The perceived datum—the only thing really given—is an *effect* of the interaction of a hypothetical external cause with our own organism. How, then, can we know things as they actually are?

Now the trouble begins. If the mind does not know actual things, but only its perceptions of them, all the love and light and feel go out of the world, become subjective additions to what is fundamentally indifferent to them. But if tertiary and secondary qualities are held to be subjective, how can the objectivity of the primary qualities be established? What becomes, then, of the external world from which we started out? Its existence is now a problem. And an insoluble problem. For if the mind can never get out of its circle of percepts, how can it know that its percepts truly agree or represent the external world? Direct comparison between things as perceived and things as unperceived, on this hypothesis, is utterly impossible. If naïve realism is bankrupted by the problem of error, dualistic realism is ruined by the problem of truth. Epistemological dualism, its opponents insist, inescapably leads to agnosticism and solipsism. It is against this that the revolt broke out.

Lovejoy's counter-attack does not remove the source of the revolt. Despite heroic attempts, he cannot consistently avoid Berkeleyan idealism. But what he does show is that all arguments against dualism based on a theory of immediate knowledge fail most lamentably. His whole discussion, however, is vitiated by a refusal to distinguish properly between percept and idea, data and meaning. Percepts and data are distinct from what causes them. Cheerfully granted. But *as such* they have nothing to do with knowledge. They are neither true nor false. Error is the *mis*taking of what they signify; truth, the successful prediction of what follows from them. Once deny that data as such are either intrinsically illusory or veridical, once recognize that *inference* based upon perceptual events is central to knowledge, and the traditional difficulties of epistemological dualism disappear, for they can no longer be intelligibly stated in terms of this instrumental theory of judgment. The choice, now as always, reduces on the one hand to an agnosticism which when pressed can only escape solipsism by a leap of faith or by a resort to "plausible" theories of interperceptual causation; and on the other, to an experimental pragmatism from which certain metaphysical implications about the organic relation of method to structure may legitimately be drawn.

The second variety of dualism which Professor Lovejoy is concerned to defend is the psycho-physical doctrine of the "mutually exclusive and utterly antithetic" nature of the physical and the mental. If it be granted that sense-data are other than scientific objects which are known by means of them, the question arises as to the nature of the perceptual data in question. The railway tracks converging in the distance, the bent oar in the water, the pink rats of the dipsomaniac—all these are not physical. They must, therefore, be mental, argues Lovejoy. Quite right, but only if the mental be *defined* as that which is *not* physical. But the status of the wide range of perceptual entities cannot be settled by the use of negative classes which are essentially indefinite or by question-begging words like

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"real." Describe the context in which data arise, substitute for the question of their reality the question of their *reliability*, and you will find that monism is unintelligible and dualism inadequate. Why must everything be either mental or physical? Where is the proof that the disjunction is both exclusive and exhaustive? Some of the most important things in life are neither and some are both: e. g., rights, obligations, love. Our task, a laborious one, is to analyze the categorial features of different types of levels of existence and to refrain from dumping everything which does not belong to one class into its formal contradictory. When we use negative classes, significant differences existing between its members are overlooked. When negative classes are not used, it will be seen that psycho-physical *pluralism*, not dualism, goes hand in hand with experimentalism.

This review would be incomplete if it did not call attention to the analytic power and the delicious, dry humor with which Professor Lovejoy reveals the ambiguities, confusions and mistakes of many current refutations of dualism. His book will certainly not convince the rebels. But it will help clear the heads and hearts of those who, dissatisfied with the traditional doctrine of representative perception, fail to see that its error lies neither in its denial of immediate knowledge nor in its denial of psycho-physical monism—but, first and foremost, in its inability to appreciate that genuine knowledge is not a reduplication of antecedent existences but is an experimental verification of hypotheses demanding some transformative activity.

SIDNEY HOOK.

The Tiger on a Pedestal of Books

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 482 pages. $5.

In the Evening of My Thought, by Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson and John Heard, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. 1,007 pages. $12.50.

The Tiger: Georges Clemenceau, by George Adam. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 282 pages. $3.50.

Georges Clemenceau, by Jean Martet. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 336 pages. $5.

THE TIGER of France forbade the French officials to follow his hearse, but he could not prevent people from writing about him. He challenged them to do it when he published "Grandeur and Misery of Victory." The book was written as a retort to Foch's "Memorial," prepared by Recouly. When it appeared in L'Illustration, the Tiger jumped and wanted to bite. He was a gentleman, however, and refused to open a polemic about a man just dead. But he had been stung and could not remain silent. "Foch, you called me, here I am!"

Before the Treaty of Versailles, the quarrel between the two men seems rather futile and platonic, and Clemenceau had the better of Foch. On the whole, he had been very good to his Marshal. Clemenceau it was who appointed him president of the War College, and, notwithstanding Foch's thanks to Lloyd George, Clemenceau it was who pushed him to the supreme command. After the defeat of the Chemin des Dames, in May, 1918, Clemenceau saved Foch's face and skin in the French parliament. The Tiger never exaggerated to himself the merits of Foch. He never took him for a Napoleon. He was "an average specimen of humanity whose main weakness was to imagine himself greater than he was," but he liked his fighting spirit, so much like his own, and he never lost faith in the man. But Foch sent his busts unasked, he refused several times to obey orders, and he wanted to play the politician. This Clemenceau could not tolerate. Their quarrel, at bottom, was that of the civil versus the military power. Since the days of the Boulanger and Dreyfus affairs (so vividly and dramatically told by Mr. George Adam in a book which links admirably Clemenceau's fortunes with those of France), the Tiger had reasons for not allowing the interference of the military in state matters.

The real feud began at Versailles, when Foch, seconded by Poincaré (though this point is now being controverted), clamored for the permanent occupation of the Rhineland. Clemenceau sternly refused. Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson would never have allowed it, and Clemenceau after all was not a Bismarck. So he pushed the Marshal rudely aside, and Foch called Clemenceau's peace a bad peace. The Tiger took up the challenge and very naturally concentrated all his efforts in the book upon defending his treaty and the new status of what he calls—alas!—*a Europe founded on right!* Clemenceau had never been able to think and talk as a European. He had never tried. French history began for him in 1870 at Sedan. Ten years after the Armistice, he doggedly refused to believe in German good faith. The Franco-German conflict was, according to him, the result of a difference in psychology. Germany was the land of Mephistopheles. The Germans were instinctively and always for war, death, invasion and devastation. France had better look out; what happened once, and more than once, would happen again. The only possible peace between the two countries was an armed peace with guarantees, sanctions and reparations. Clemenceau left to Wilson, Briand and the "Geneva Chinese," "those purveyors of soothing syrup," their "super-parliament and super-talking." The League of Nations and the World Court were bodies "without authority and executive power." Clemenceau sneered. His distrust (he refused to say "hatred") of the Germans was stronger than his distrust of the Anglo-Saxons. He sacrificed to it the security and unification of Europe.

All the curtailings and mutilations of his Treaty Clemenceau deplored, and he warned his country about the future. He saw France on the verge of decadence, losing gradually all she had won, surrendering her self-respect and security to the hands of those *défaitistes* whom he had sent to jail when he was in power. Foch's attacks were the last blow. The old statesman died utterly disillusioned. He had been betrayed at the same time by the soldiers and by the politicians, and France did not care.

The Tiger's paws played rather softly with his American "associates." He called them his friends to the end. He could never forget his American experience in the sixties. He admired the American *élan* when it came, but much deplored the procrastination which preceded it. For the United States at war he expresses a gratitude tempered with sarcasms, censuring Pershing and chuckling about the confusion of his army at Thiaucourt. And those Americans wanted to win the war alone! And they made a separate peace. . . . Here again, of course, the Tiger roared and cursed the Monroe Doctrine to his heart's content, without being blind to Woodrow Wilson's intransigence when the Treaty came before the American Senate. Despite Foch's warnings, America had left Clemenceau

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empty-handed at Versailles, with no guarantee after he had surrendered the Rhine. Then came the fuss about the war debts. Clemenceau was a gentleman of the old *étiquette*, like the duelists of the Café Tortoni, never too proud to fight. He could not understand how a country which had given her blood so generously could seek "compensations in cash" at the end of a war during which her existence had been at stake and saved by her associates. America after the War figured up her expenses: the Tiger counted the million and a half Frenchmen who had been killed. War was an *"affaire d'honneur."* Hence Clemenceau's letter to President Coolidge, and his trip to America, followed by the sarcasms of Foch. . . .

Clemenceau's mind remained alert to the last. It would be a grave mistake to dismiss lightly the two enormous tomes of "In the Evening of My Thought." They compel respect. Here was the heroic old Darwinian, before breathing his last, fighting single-handed with the riddles of the universe and challenging the new physics in defense of evolution, continuity, progress. His enthusiasm for knowledge had never abated and it is contagious through the book. Here he was, at eighty-six, marshaling in the cosmologies, the religions, the myths, astronomy, geology, physical science, to arrive at a clear, objective and complete view of the universe, and to promote his friend Pithecanthropus. Evolution for Clemenceau meant progress, progress without a millennium in sight, with many setbacks, perils and catastrophes. His evolutionism was much less cheerful and dogmatic than Haeckel's; it even included a theory of decadence which would have set Henry Adams a-grinning. Like Spengler, he prophesied the twilight of the Occident. And yet this gloomy universe was ours, and Clemenceau did not know of a better one. So he bade us try to make the best of it and give a good account of ourselves, in the face of many uncertainties. The world was a field of battle, life was a wonderful adventure for the brave. "Man I am, man I consent to remain, for man is but one form of the universal determinism." (What do our "Humanists" think of this?) Clemenceau's metaphysics is the key to his politics.

But the old Darwinian remained a cheerful pessimist, in love with life and always ready to respond to the challenge of the outside world. He moved in politics as in a world of phantasms. His heart was in his little cottage in Vendée. He loved nature, the flowers, the sea; he loved art, Claude Monet's paintings, his books, his antiques; he cherished visions of Greece and India. His cage was the world and he moved impatiently and always alert among foes and friends. He was just as impulsive in thought as in action. "Don't take the soul too seriously, Martet. . . . Speak, Martet! Write, work! . . . Don't try! Do things!" But he adds: "A man's life is interesting primarily when he has failed." The world was a stage. "A hole in the ground and a great deal of noise about nothing," was his final and Shakespearian comment on life, but "far from the crowd, the noblest minds, regardless of appearance, will try to compose an idealistic poem in which their inmost selves may live," and Minerva, goddess of wisdom, will watch over the dead with helmet and spear. . . . Jean Martet has succeded in bringing to life the versatile personality of his master. His book recalls Brousson on Anatole France. Clemenceau's cap and Anatole's slippers will go down to posterity, thanks to these two genial secretaries. Let us leave to her the task of pressing the parallel between the two men and of deciding which of the two better deserved the name of "France."

RÉGIS MICHAUD.

The American Tragedy

Portrait of the Artist as American, by Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 308 pages. $3.

MR. JOSEPHSON has courageously essayed the difficult task of tracing the history of American literature from the point of view of the artist. His book is a sort of summing up of the various critical biographies which, in the last ten or fifteen years, have given us fresh evaluations of our past: Brooks's "Ordeal of Mark Twain" and "Pilgrimage of Henry James," Mumford's "Herman Melville," Beer's "Stephen Crane," Krutch's "Edgar Allan Poe," Arvin's "Hawthorne," McWilliam's "Ambrose Bierce." Each of these biographers has sought to show how his subject was affected by the exigencies of American life; Mr. Josephson, relying on such books as these and on first-hand investigation, has aimed at some generalized conception of the place of the artist in the Republic. His book, attacking the problem in terms of particular personalities, valuably supplements Lewis Mumford's more sociological "Golden Day."

The book is a melancholy chronicle of frustration and defeat, of genius crushed by misunderstanding, of talent withered for want of nourishment, of fine capacities driven to foreign lands. Whether Mr. Josephson is describing the flight of Henry James and Lafcadio Hearn or analyzing the failure of Howells and Bierce, his narrative, always dramatic and understanding, forces us to contemplate a sad spectacle of tragic waste. What could be more depressing than the fact that practically our entire literary history can be told in terms of promise that was never fulfilled?

It may, of course, be argued that Mr. Josephson is treading on the shakiest of ground, since we know so little about the processes of the artistic mind. Perhaps Melville had written himself out in "Moby Dick." Perhaps the Gilded Age, instead of suppressing some hypothetical capacity in Mark Twain for serious writing, brought into play the very talents with which he was endowed. Lafcadio Hearn's career, it may be maintained, shows that no social order under heaven could have so guided his erratic temperament as to bring to fruition his brilliant talents. It may be pointed out also that England has had its exiles—Shelley and Byron, to name but two. And it may be asserted that Carlyle and Ruskin were no less futile than Emerson and Thoreau.

All this and much more might be said, but no destructive analysis of particular cases can stand against the cumulative strength of Josephson's book. Certain of the conditions which have militated against artistic activity in the United States have existed in other lands, but every obstacle has been magnified a hundred times by our lack of tradition and our mad growth. The industrial revolution has affected the literature of every nation in western Europe, but in France or England or Germany there has been some sort of continuity with the past, some surviving conception of the value of artistic endeavor. Here every writer has had to stand alone in a fight against the most complete and anarchistic indifference to esthetic values.

We always look for remedies, and Mr. Josephson, if he does not offer a program of reform, at least indulges in prophecy. Rejecting the liberal and egalitarian views of Messrs. Brooks and Mumford, he condemns democracy and visualizes a kind of Platonic state. The day will come, he thinks, when the progress of the machine will reach the saturation point. A humanistic revival, a determined cul-

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tivation of values, will follow. Taking advantage of the resources of the machines, artists will give to the masses the moral and esthetic leadership that they need. "The humanizing force of art may work best through example and symbol, upon the larger scale visioned, reaching numberless crowds through the magnificent new machines. Society may become collective, unified, directed by an absolute regime, as in Russia; but it may be nobly led."

This is a possibility, and it presents a not unpleasant picture. But it is apparent that we have far to go before our machine civilization makes even the comforts of life universally available. When that is done—if ever it can be done by the present social order—the question of a culture of the masses may legitimately arise. But it is more than likely that the masses will care no more for culture then than they do now, and it is perhaps unwise for critics even to be thinking of forcing culture upon them. The first thing is to provide for all men the bread they need and the circuses they want. Then, if there is an intelligent minority of those who care enough for art to devote their leisure to its creation and enjoyment, there will be sources from which the masses can draw culture—if they want it. Our task is the creation of such a minority, and happily we need not wait for a utopian tomorrow in order to begin it.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Africa

Lobagola: An African Savage's Own Story, by Bata Kindai Amgoza Lobagola. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 402 pages. $3.

People of the Small Arrow, by J. H. Driberg. With drawings by Pearl Binder. New York: Brewer and Warren. 338 pages. $3.

SAVAGE Africa already has the curious antiquarian interest of the American frontier, or of a household wing in the Metropolitan Museum. Things related in "Lobagola" and especially in "People of the Small Arrow" have occurred within the past few years—may still be happening. But the isolation and distance that created them are disappearing: the most distant savage tribes are becoming subject to industrial trade goods, the airplane, western religion, revolution and imperialism. Books about them, therefore, like Western movie thrillers, amuse us vastly when they do not convince us at all; but when they seem authentic and serious, they are really satisfying.

"Lobagola: An African Savage's Own Story" belongs in the movie-thriller classification. Everything in it may be accurate and true. But there is no reason, internal or external, to suppose so. The author, whose extraordinarily handsome head and bare torso appear in a photograph to make a frontispiece, represents himself as the member of a tribe of primitive African Jews. While still a child, he says, he wandered away from his inland village and, after a series of hardships, dangers and last-minute escapes, reached the seacoast. Through another accident he was taken to Europe, picked up in Edinburgh by a Scotch gentleman and brought up in his household. This portion of the book is rather mild Gulliver. In Lobagola's home he had learned that white men were huge, one-legged, single-eyed cannibals. In reality he discovers that they are much like other people, except that they conceal their natural desires and so make vices of them; and have a totally unjustified belief in their own superiority over all other live beings.

Other parts of the book deal with the author's return to his native land and, finally, to white civilization again. He describes the sad and erotic adventures which led to the tribal killing of his beautiful sweetheart (whose beauty is explained for us by the fact that she was nearly white and had been kidnapped by a member of his village); and his participation in the War. This last bit is not at all amusing. It is a rather whining declaration that Lobagola is really honest and decent; and that when he appears otherwise it is only because he has never learned to understand the complicated economic ethic of the strange white man. The facsimile of an honorable discharge from the British army is introduced as evidence.

"People of the Small Arrow" is an entirely different sort of book. Mr. Driberg, we are told, was the first white man to have lived among the "Didinga, the East African people who take their name from the miniature arrow they use in bleeding their cattle." His book is a novel in which a whole community appears as protagonist. Individuals figure in relation to their tribe, their village or their race, or to the conditions of weather and season which make their contemporary history. Their activities are, of course, their own, and foreign to us. But so well and skillfully is the background put in that we are never shocked, never amazed; and our belief is never strained. And the motives which lead to the activities are always those which we recognize as natural in ourselves: hunger, love and a kind of simple, uncritical virtue.

"People of the Small Arrow" would be a splendid book if it had no secondary value at all. I think, however, that it should prove an extremely valuable addition to the libraries of those advanced schools and educators who are interested in combating the current idea of intrinsic—and imperialistic—white superiority with one more realistically humanitarian.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

The Disease of Old Age

Bio-Dynamics: The Battle for Youth, by Boris Sokoloff. New York: Covici-Friede. 230 pages. $3.

Old Age: The Major Involution, by Aldred Scott Warthin. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 199 pages. $3.

The Creed of a Biologist, by Aldred Scott Warthin. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 61 pages. $1.50.

ONE OF the few things indisputably true about every one of us human beings is that if we do not die young, we shall live to be old. This consideration is more than a futile platitude; for it means that old age is a definite situation which an appreciable number of us will have to explore. Since, then, it is to be a personal experience for an unknown portion of our race, its characteristics possess a general interest which does not attach to scientific discussions of specified diseases—or, to adapt Sokoloff's views, of *other* specified diseases.

For, to this Russian biologist now resident in this country, senility is "a complex of diseases, pertaining to the most sensitive organs of the organism, the endocrine glands." A pupil of Metchnikoff, he agrees with his great master that the so-called normal attributes of senility are theoretically preventable; he departs, however, from Metchnikoff's theory that this prevention can be brought about by the removal of auto-intoxication, particularly intestinal auto-intoxication. Sokoloff believes that "every prolonged infraction of the harmony of nutrition may lead to considerable changes in the organism. And the very glands to be affected are just those on which the energy of life depends—those whose normal activity preserves our youth—the sexual and suprarenal glands."

All this is directly opposed to the view of Warthin, that

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senility, with all its characteristics of physical and mental degeneration, is a normal and inevitable life-process; that the last third of our lives, roughly speaking, is simply given up to the natural breaking down of what the first third built up and the second third maintained. Doubtless Dr. Warthin would agree with Dr. Sokoloff in so far as the prevention of *premature* senility is concerned. But he would find himself at direct variance with Sokoloff's view that the human being can, theoretically at least, be preserved indefinitely in a state of maturity until "natural death" suddenly carries him off. Just what may be the nature of this natural death, if it be not the fated end of a progressive senile degeneration, Sokoloff does not make clear; in fact, in another part of his book he questions whether "natural death" exists at all.

We know from the famous experiment of Carrel, who has kept the heart tissue of a chicken alive in a suitable medium since 1912, that potentially the cell is immortal. The only problem is that of keeping the cell free from toxic influences; but that same "only problem" is likewise, so far as we can see at present, practically an insoluble one. Whether, also, it would be socially and economically desirable to increase so vastly the number of productive human beings, without cutting down very drastically indeed the number of "replacements" by new births, is a very grave question. Warthin, regarding old age as physiologic and not pathologic, points out, correctly, the error of simply prolonging the useless and miserable lives of the thoroughly senile. But changing these lives into productive —and hence competitive—ones might have even more serious sociological results.

Biologically, Dr. Warthin would seem, to a student not a specialist on the subject, to have the better of the argument; but when he emphasizes his point by amplifying its philosophical and psychological implications, he is on far less firm ground. This is especially true of his little "Creed of a Biologist," which is a sort of philosophical complement to the more strictly scientific larger work. Here he preaches a neo-Stoicism which would not only be wholly unacceptable to the greater part of mankind, but would be particularly so to those very persons most useful to the real progress of the race. If the sole object of our lives is to reproduce and rear offspring whose own object in turn will be the same, and so on forever, to the (possible) greater glory and development of the race as a whole, but to the necessary curtailment of the higher mental and social activities which spell civilization, to how many of us would such a life seem worth living? To women of the more highly evolved types intellectually, such a brood-hen career would be especially uninviting. Add that Dr. Warthin leaves no excuse for being to the non-reproductive, except to give parental care to other people's children, and that he does not seem to realize how many of the more important attributes of civilization—art, to take only one example—come precisely from those individuals least fitted to rear or even produce children—whom he would reduce to a neurosis-breeding celibacy—and the psychological weakness of his "creed" becomes apparent. It is the creed, not of a biologist, but of an extreme eugenist, who sinks all of life into the production of more life. Far better, if we must accept the biological necessity of senility and cannot with Dr. Sokoloff hope for its abolishment, to depend for amelioration of its discomforts and drawbacks on psychological means such as those recommended by Dr. Lillien Martin in her recent "Salvaging Old Age."

Taken together, these works of Warthin and Sokoloff are a complete guide to the present-day treatment of an increasingly important problem. Frequently they supplement, occasionally they parallel, one another, but fundamentally they give, of course, two diametrically opposed points of view. To those who agree with Dr. Warthin, life will become a matter of heroic self-sacrifice for the sake of a problematic aid to the evolution of humanity—which, perhaps, does not need our aid, and would only be embarrassed by it. To those who adhere to the point of view of Dr. Sokoloff, there remain difficult and perhaps impossible solutions to be worked out, but also a promise of hope which will, to many, outweigh the sad courage and resignation of the attitude that senility is natural and unavoidable. We have here two authorities, of equally high standing and long experience, who find the truth in very different theories. Perhaps in the end the actual facts in the case will be discovered hiding somewhere midway between the two.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

Wall Street's Sweetheart

Hetty Green: A Woman Who Loved Money, by Boyden Sparkes and Samuel Taylor Moore. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 338 pages. $5.

HETTY GREEN lived to be eighty-one years old; she amassed, according to many authorities, over a hundred million dollars; but she never got past the first of the three stages which mark the life of the conventional plutocrat: the acquisitive. She never learned how to spend money, and the idea of giving any away would probably have induced apoplexy. The story of her life reveals no particular psychological reason for her attitude: the daughter of a well-to-do New Bedford whaling family, she was brought up in comfortable circumstances. Both her father and grandfather were interested in money to the exclusion of almost everything else, but so were any number of their neighbors, yet the community produced only one Hetty Green.

Hetty's first major financial effort was a lawsuit over her Aunt Sylvia's will, and her life from then on was just one grand succession of lawsuits. The details make rather dull reading after the first one or two, but to Hetty they were the breath of life. Even when she was the legal beneficiary to the extent of a million dollars or so, she begrudged small bequests to servants, friends or relatives, and wanted everything for herself. But these inheritances and lawsuits would hardly account for her colossal fortune: the credit, according to Messrs. Sparkes and Moore, belongs to Edward Henry Green, Hetty's husband. A daring speculator, he handled his wife's money and taught her how to play the market. Eventually she became shrewder than he, and later, when he lost most of his own fortune through unlucky investing, she paid his debts, kicked him out and proceeded on her way alone. Her formula for financial success is delightfully simple, the only baffling thing about it being the fact that it worked. "Before deciding on an investment, I seek out every kind of information about it," she said. "There is no great secret in fortune making. All you have to do is buy cheap and sell dear, act with thrift and shrewdness and be persistent."

The mathematical details of Hetty's career may tend to become tedious, but her personality was anything but that. She was strong-willed, sentimental only about her dog, insanely stingy, full of eccentricities. To the end of her days she dressed abominably, she enraged her husband by putting away the silver and using kitchen tableware; once when he was going on a trip she rushed to the train with an extra old pair of trousers in case it should rain (he dropped them into a canal as the train crossed the trestle);

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she tried to get information from doctors and lawyers by engaging them in casual conversation; and at a time when her income was more than five thousand dollars a day she registered under a false name at a free medical clinic in Hoboken. She went from one cheap boarding house to another to avoid establishing a residence and being taxed; she used the Chemical National Bank for her headquarters, occupying any desk that was convenient. Often she sat on the floor, surrounded by trunks and suitcases full of checks and certificates. She was given tremendous space in the bank vault and also had storage room upstairs, where she kept packing cases and old rubbers, not to mention a wagon and buggy. She was too important a depositor ever to be charged rent. People who met her thought her peculiar, but often liked her; she was human, friendly, witty, and she always spoke her mind. She was indignant at the idea that men were financially more capable than women, and this feeling may in part explain her relentless pursuit of money and her refusal to spend it. Her delight at getting the better of some financial rival (C. P. Huntington, for example) was more than the pleasure of a commercial victory: it was the joy in a triumph for her sex. Had she been a man she might have become a humdrum philanthropist or patron of the arts; as it was she was an eccentric in the grand manner. Think about Hetty Green herself and you may become enraged at so fearful a misuse of money; but at least she has inspired an excellent biography.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Notes on Novels

With Trailing Banners, by Estelle Aubrey Brown. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

SCORE one more count to the indictment against small-town drabness, cruelty and evil-mindedness. Unlike Ruth Suckow, Mrs. Brown paints a picture unrelievedly black. She finds nothing to be said for the New York village near the Canadian border which is the scene of her story. Brought up in the era of bustles and bangs, Merry Melton has a spark of courage and intelligence which sets her apart. At seventeen, however, she gives up her chance at education to marry a handsome yokel who is brutally masculine and without brains or ambition. She is soon reduced to the status of a poverty-driven farm wife, and only makes her escape when it becomes obvious that her son is to follow his father's example. The earlier part of the book, describing Merry's childhood, is well documented and enlivened with humor. The rest is just plain dull, as dreary as the villagers themselves. Mrs. Brown has a keen, uncompromising eye. It is a pity that she should lavish her talents on one more conscientious chronicle of futility.

Above and Below, by R. D. Dorthy. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THERE is little physical action in this book, and that is compressed within the space of a few hours. During the afternoon, one follows the movements of a small group of Londoners and learns, by penetrating their thoughts, the secrets of their involved emotional relationships to one another. At night they gather, nerves taut, around the same dinner table. A man dies in the flat overhead and his wife commits suicide. Both are strangers, but the shock breaks the existing emotional pattern of the group and subtly remolds it. The book is an interesting experiment, sensitively and intelligently carried out. It has serious imperfections, such as a seemingly haphazard selection of the particular minds which shall be revealed to the reader, an undue emphasis on characters not integral to the drama. But the author's technique of analysis, more lucid and clear-edged than that of the stream-of-consciousness school, is conspicuously successful.

Falcon's Flight, by Donald Douglas. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN THIS tale of knights and troubadours at the court of Provence, Donald Douglas has tried to combine the best features of satire and historical romance. The mixture is neatly blended, though at times one is baffled to know in which vein he is writing. The king who rules at Arles is a sane and humorous fellow, who delights in poking fun at the grandiloquent code of chivalric love. Guiraut and Aude de Turenne, both high-mettled and intelligent, are likewise aware of its fatuities. Their stormy love affair has nothing in common with the sugared dalliance which is the common rule in Provence. Mr. Douglas' satire is shrewd but unsteady. He himself is too often seduced by the glamor of jousts and fêtes and falcon-like women. One feels that this would have been a better book had he cast his lot more definitely with either the wits or the romantics.

None So Pretty, by Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH it won a prize in an historical-novel contest, "None So Pretty" is by no means weighted down with antiquarian detail, nor is it like the conventional period romance. It is a fresh and touching story, sharply characterized, in which the historical setting is subordinate to emotional values. Nan Ingleby, an innocent hoyden of seventeen, is married off to a lout of a country squire who neglects her for drink and a coarse mistress. In her loneliness and simplicity she turns for comfort to the fanatical yet passion-eaten chaplain of the household, and later to a young gallant from the court of Charles the Second, who brings her the little happiness that she is to know before her pitiful death. This is a slender but ingratiating tale, written with considerable stylistic skill.

EDITH H. WALTON.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD is the author of "American Government and Politics," "The Rise of American Civilization" (with Mary Beard) and many other books.

JOHN R. TUNIS, sports writer on The New York Evening Post, is in Europe reporting the principal golf and tennis championships.

FRANCIS MITCHELL FROELICHER is secretary of the Progressive Education Association and editor of The Progressive Education Quarterly.

SIDNEY HOOK is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University.

RÉGIS MICHAUD is the author of "The American Novel Today," "Georges Clemenceau: Pages Françaises" and other books. He has, during the past year, been a visiting professor at Dartmouth College.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and contributes articles to The American Mercury and other periodicals.

MELVIN P. LEVY is the author of two novels, "Matrix" and "Wedding."

MAYNARD SHIPLEY is president of the Science League of America and author of "The War on Modern Science" and other books.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN is on the editorial staff of The New Yorker.

EDITH H. WALTON is on the staff of The Forum.

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